SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

DECEMBER 15, 1958
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Caser· Barbara Wagner ▶
and Bob Paul

Few pair skaters in the world today will attempt, much less achieve, the speedy, difficult death spiral executed here. For more on Canada's world champions, turn to page 30.

Photograph by John G Zimmerman

Next week



▶ The annual two-in-one issua brings a heaping helping of delights First, some holiday staples: the Silver All-America, a new Goren bridge quiz, five football bowl previews. Next, some brightly packaged surprises, all in color: Pandit Nehru's tiger cubs, the Dorado golf course, a blizzard at Bromley and six beautiful girl athletes—in formal attire. Then, some big, mysterious packages: *The Man Who Wouldn't* by Satirist Jules Feiffer, a baseball fantasy by Gerald Holland, a reverie of summers spent with James M. Curley by Herbert Warren Wind. Finally, an installment gift· an ice-clear primer on the art of figure skating by Maribel Vinson and Robert Riger. Happy Holidays!

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MEMO *from the publisher*

As in previous years, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's Special Holiday Issue next week salutes the festival season. Some of its features I can preview for you here:

The third Silver Anniversary All-America, 25 football lettermen of the college class of '34, receive their deserved recognition from a jury of their peers, 25 judges with careers as distinguished as those of the men they honor.

The professional football season, on the eve of its climax, is the subject of an analytical report, and the Cotton, Gator, Orange, Rose and Sugar bowls, of scouting reports.

Four colorful and palm-fringed pages describe the Caribbean's newest resort and golf course: Puerto Rico's and Laurance Rockefeller's magnificent and sports-filled Dorado Beach.

Charles Goren turns the tables and this time *asks* the bridge questions. Now, as he intrepidly points out, by comparing results with last year's quiz you can tell whether his instruction has been doing your game any good.

Artist Jules Feiffer presents the cartoon history of the world's greatest athlete, who became a distressing problem in patriotism because he didn't *really* want to win.

Among the last color pictures taken by Ylla, the great animal photographer, were these of a pet tiger cub in Pandit Nehru's garden with a distressing problem of its own: how to maintain feline majesty while bothered by a fly.

The recent death of James Michael Curley, whose political career was one thing, evoked another thing in Herbert Warren Wind. Out of personal childhood memories Wind writes nostalgically of Nantasket Beach summertimes when the boss of Boston cast conversational spells on his youthful listeners and, forsaking politics, laid open a vast inventory of lore in sports.

Continuing in the tradition of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's instructional articles, Champion Maribel Vinson and Artist Robert Riger combine on the first of two parts on the fundamentals of figure skating.

If you think America's girl athletic stars look pretty on the tennis courts, in the water and on the fairways, you're right. But you should see them in their formals. And you will, in color.

In a troubled year for baseball—with minor leagues still in peril, third leagues brewing, Congress watching closely and players asking for a big bite of TV revenue—Gerald Holland has discovered some startling proposals for a way out. He reveals them in *The Inside Story of the Napier Plan to Save Baseball.*

And there is even more in next week's Christmas issue. But this week there's no more space to tell you what it is. A good omen, it seems to me, of the bounty coming up—and you won't have to wait till Christmas to open it!

Harry Phillips

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Jimmy Jemail's

HOTBOX

THE QUESTION: *Should there be an open in skiing as there is in golf?*



ROLAND PALMEDO
Honorary president
Amateur Ski Club
of N.Y.
New York City

In America amateurs only are eligible for amateur competition. In Europe, amateurs and open-class competitors are eligible. I'm in favor of competition with the open class to help develop our amateurs, but only if there are plenty of championships limited to amateurs.



RED ROLFE
Athletic Director
Dartmouth College
Hanover, N.H.

Since there are few ski colleges, there are not enough amateurs who get enough skiing time to be able to compete seriously against professionals. A ski open would be all pro. Since skiing is a pleasant pastime, I think that the Olympics should be the goal of the amateur.



J. LYMAN BINGNAM
Executive Director
U.S. Olympic
Association
New York City

Amateurs may compete against the open class but never against athletes who compete for money, as is permitted in golf. If the FIS ever approved the latter, the Olympic Committee might drop skiing. Golf is not an Olympic event, so it has no such problem.



STEIN ERIKSEN
Olympic gold medal
winner
Aspen, Colo.

Yes. A month ago a group got together and elected Steve Knowlton, former American Champion, our temporary president. Present were Friedl Pfeifer, Dick Durrance, Pete Seibert, Fred Iselin and I. Our committee is sending letters about an open to important skiers.



EVERETT KIRCHER
Owner, ski resort
Boyne Mountain
Mich.

I've advocated an open for three years. People want to watch the pros. We'd get a lot more interest if we had them in addition to the amateurs. I've offered $5,000 for an open, but we do not have a PGA setup to administer it. We first must organize a pro circuit.



WILLY SCHAEFFLER
Assistant technical
director for ski events
1960 Winter Olympics
Squaw Valley, Calif.

I don't think a ski open could support itself. If it could, I would favor it. In Europe everyone favors an open, but no one puts up the money. Look at Stein Eriksen. After winning Olympic and FIS gold medals, the only thing open to him is an instructor's job. It's too bad

continued



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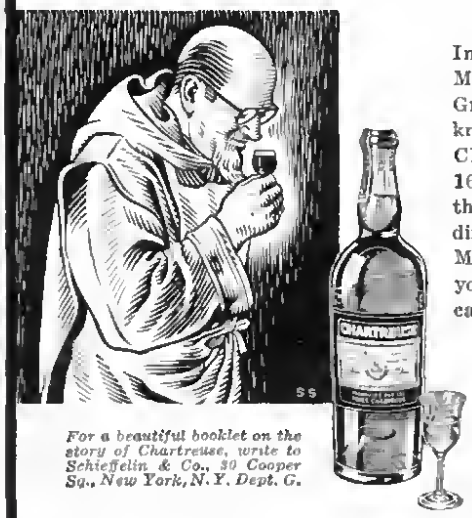
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HOTBOX *continued*



PEDER PYTTE
Acting ski coach
University of Denver
Denver

No, not in national championships. There are open meets now which I favor, but they should not be on a national scale. I feel it wouldn't be right to open any of the existing and long-standing amateur championships to professionals.



BEN VAN SANT
Ski industry consultant
Minneapolis

Very definitely. There's no future for top skiers now. What is there ahead for Bud Werner if he wins a world championship? Pros like Hogan and Snead have done wonders for golf. Ski pros could do the same for skiing.



ROBERT P. BOOTH
Chairman, USEASA Amateur Rules Committee
Manchester, N.H.

We have it now. Such competition is good for amateur sport. But the pro cannot compete for money under the rules of the FIS, which governs open-class racing. The money question is strictly for the FIS to decide.



EDWIN O. EATON
Past president
National Ski Association
West Hartford, Conn.

No. The amateur is not in the same class with the open competitor. The FIS has a world's ski championship, and open-class competitors are allowed. We have such an event, but the amateurs and pros are listed separately.



J. STANLEY MULLIN
U.S. Representative International Eligibility Committee
Los Angeles

No. The number of participants would be less and the number of spectators greater, as in baseball. I like to see people ski and have no objection to pros competing where it does not interfere with the growth of skiing at the base.



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SKI SCHEDULE

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DECEMBER

14 Ely Ski Club Jumping Championship, CUSSA, Ely, Minn.

JANUARY

4 Thunderbird Ski Club Jumping Championship, CUSSA, Milwaukee, Wis.
11 Eau Claire Ski Club Jumping Championship, CUSSA, Eau Claire, Wis.
11 Michigan Tech Cross-country and Nordic Combined Championship, Houghton, Mich.
18 Norge Ski Club Jumping Championship, CUSSA, Fox River Grove, Ill.
25 Duluth Ski Club Jumping Championship, CUSSA, Duluth.
25 Michigan Tech Downhill and Slalom, Houghton, Mich.
25 Racine Ski Club Jumping Championship, CUSSA, Racine, Wis.
31-Feb. 1 SRMSA Junior Nordic Championships, Durango Ski Club and Western State College, Gunnison, Colo.

FEBRUARY

1 Plymouth Ski Club Jumping Championship, CUSSA, Plymouth, Wis.
1 CUSSA Jumping Championships, Blackhawk Ski Club, Madison, Wis.
7 CUSSA Cross-country Championships, Caberfae, Cadillac, Mich.
8 CUSSA Nordic Combined Championships, Briar Hill, Mesick, Mich.
8 St. Paul Ski Club Jumping Championship, CUSSA, St. Paul.
8 SRMSA Senior Jumping Championships, Steamboat Springs, Colo.
14-15 CUSSA Junior Downhill and Slalom Championships, boys-girls, Pine Mountain Ski Club, Iron Mountain, Mich.
15 CUSSA Junior Jumping Championships, boys-girls, Flying Eagles Ski Club, Eau Claire, Wis.
15 Snowflake Ski Club Jumping Championship, CUSSA, Westby, Wis.

continued

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SKI SCHEDULE *continued*

21 North American Giant Slalom, FWSA, Squaw Valley, Calif.
21-22 CUSSA Downhill and Slalom Championships, Caberfae, Cadillac, Mich.
22 North American Slalom, FWSA, Squaw Valley, Calif.
22 CUSSA Junior Cross-country and Nordic Combined Championships, boys-girls, Ishpeming Ski Club, Ishpeming, Mich.
22 NATIONAL SKI JUMPING CHAMPIONSHIPS, Leavenworth, Wash.
23 North American Downhill, FWSA, Squaw Valley, Calif.
26-27 HARRIMAN CUP, Sun Valley, Idaho.
28 North American 30-Km. Cross-country, Squaw Valley, Calif.
28-Mar. 1 SRMSA Junior Division Downhill Slalom Championships, Eskimo Ski Club, Winter Park, Colo.

MARCH

1 North American Nordic Combined and Special Jumping, Squaw Valley, Calif.
2 North American 15-Km. Special and Combined Cross-country, Squaw Valley, Calif.
3 North American Biathlon, Squaw Valley, Calif.
6-7 NATIONAL CLASSIC COMBINED CHAMPIONSHIPS AND NATIONAL 15-KM. CROSS-COUNTRY, Steamboat Springs, Colo.
6-8 NATIONAL ALPINE CHAMPIONSHIPS AND ROCH CUP, Aspen, Colo.
7-8 Snow Chase Ski Club Downhill and Slalom, Cliffs Ridge, Marquette, Mich.
8 INTERNATIONAL JUMPING, Steamboat Springs, Colo.
8 Kiwanis Jumping, Kiwanis Ski Club, Iron Mountain, Mich.
13-15 AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL DOWNHILL AND SLALOM, Stowe, Vt.
14 NATIONAL 30-KM. CROSS-COUNTRY, Andover, Me.
14-15 Ishpeming Ski Club Jumping Championship, CUSSA, Ishpeming, Mich.
14-15 INTERNATIONAL CLASSIC COMBINED, Ishpeming, Mich.
19-22 NATIONAL JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIPS, Yakima, Wash.
21-22 SRMSA Senior Cross-country Championships and Nordic Combined, Ski Club Zipfelberger, Winter Park, Colo.
27-29 NCAA SKI CHAMPIONSHIPS, SRMSA, Winter Park, Colo.
28-29 NATIONAL VETERANS DOWNHILL AND SLALOM, Mt. Shasta, Calif.

APRIL

5 NATIONAL VETERANS GIANT SLALOM, Norden, Calif.

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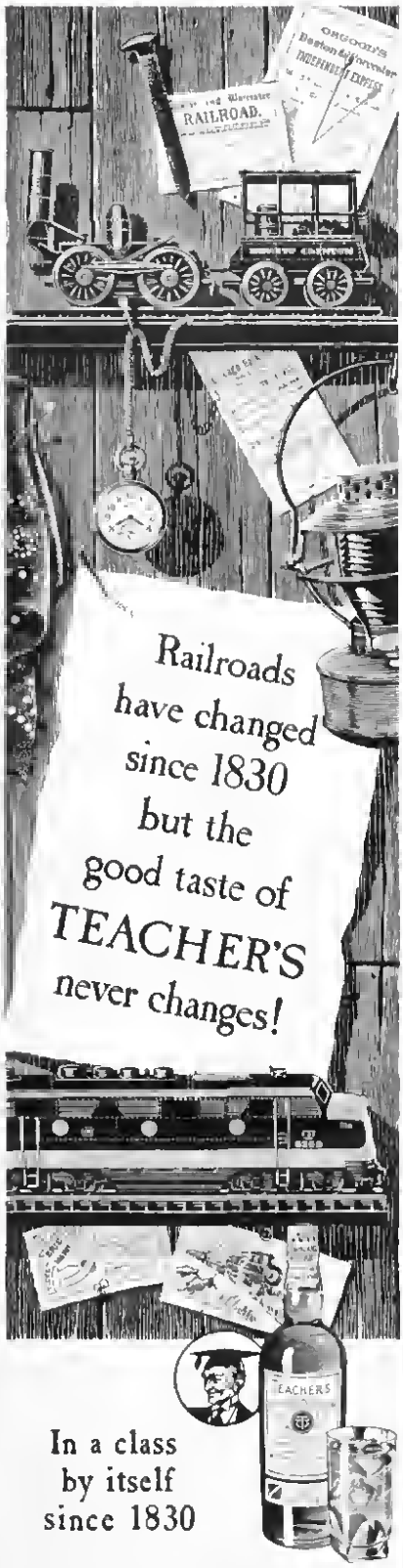


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BASKETBALL'S WEEK

by MERVIN HYMAN

Barely waiting for football to vacate the premises, college basketball shoved a foot inside the door and proceeded to turn loose the latest crop of sure-sighted shooters, stratospheric rebounders and doughty defenders. Baskets rattled vibrantly from coast to coast as most preseason favorites managed to survive the early firing, but a few teams were already seeking out the comeback trail.

THE EAST

New Yorkers got another look at **Cincinnati**'s fabulous Oscar Robertson, and 14,587, the largest Madison Square Garden crowd to watch a regular-season college double-header in almost six years, were enthralled. Fresh from a 41-point performance in a 93–64 victory over **Indiana State**, Robertson eluded **NYU**'s double-teaming box defense for 45 points. "The Big O" made full use of his expansive skills, feinting and rebounding (*see right*) to put the Bearcats in front 88–67. On the same bill, **St John**'s took the wraps off touted Sophomore Tony Jackson, a jump-shooter of rare excellence, who lived up to his advance billing as the Redmen overcame **Providence** 73–55.

Pitt opened with a loss to **Michigan**, but Don Hennon, a little man (5 feet 8½ inches) with a big talent, perked up the Panthers against **Ohio State**, outhustling the Buckeyes for 41 points in a 73–70 triumph.

Temple, last year's eastern leader, was upset by **Lehigh** but then pushed **Kentucky** to the limit before losing 76–71. **St. Bonaventure**, **Niagara**, **St. Joseph**'s, **Dartmouth** and **Navy** were among those still unbeaten at the end of the first week.

THE SOUTH

Lou Pucillo, hustling little **North Carolina State** marksman who spent last summer practicing an arcing set shot so he could shoot over the heads of taller players, reaped the first dividend from his off-season pursuit. Pucillo looped in a soft one-hander with two seconds to play to beat **Maryland** 55–53, but the Wolfpack had to prowl through two overtimes before slinking past **Wake Forest** 56–52, lending strength to predictions that the Atlantic Coast race will be a dog (or, possibly, wolf) fight. **North Carolina** served notice that it, too, will be heard from, moving comfortably by **Clemson** 83–67.

West Virginia, gunning for national honors and a fifth straight Southern Conference title, had a cumbersome time of it before overcoming **Furman** 76–67 and **VMI** 82–71 to stretch its league winning streak to 38.

Kentucky, its newcomers blending efficiently with veteran Johnny Cox under the magic hand of Coach Adolph Rupp, lit into **Florida State** 91–68 before heading east to beat **Temple**, but the Wildcats may hear more from SEC challengers before too many weeks pass. **Tennessee**, after edging **Wyoming** 72–71, moved westward to beat **Michigan** 80–66



HIGH AND MIGHTY, Cincinnati's marvelous Robertson soars above the crowd to snare rebound as NYU's Sanders (44) and Cunningham (14) stand by helplessly.

and Wyoming again 90–69 in the Midwestern Invitational Tournament at Kent, Ohio; **Alabama** scored its biggest strike, handing the fabled **Phillips Oilers** their first loss to a college team since 1953 39–38; **Mississippi State** tuned up on three lesser rivals. Even **Georgia** began to show muscles, muzzling **Florida**'s Gators 66–63 and **Clemson** 76–59.

THE SOUTHWEST

Southwest Conference teams, involved for the most part in intersectional play, found a few slips showing but finally emerged with some prizes. **TCU**, **Texas Tech** and **Texas A&M** came through unscathed while **SMU** and **Rice**, beaten

by **Oklahoma City** and **Kansas**, respectively, found their solace in Big Ten opposition. The Mustangs ran over **Iowa** 65–56 and the Owls overwhelmed **Wisconsin** 78–37, holding the Badgers to three field goals in the second half.

Touring **New Mexico A&M**, generally regarded as the team to beat in the Border Conference, couldn't wait to get back home after dropping four straight to **Washington** of St. Louis 61–50, **Bradley** 86–54, **Murray State** 66–51 and **Western Kentucky** 79–60.

THE MIDWEST

Hopeful of achieving Mid-American Conference honors, unhappy **Bowling Green** was the victim of some early bubble-bursting by **Miami of Ohio** and went down before last year's champions 59–58.

Missouri Valley contender **St. Louis** began to get the hang of new Coach John Benington's patterns and used a four-man weave to run **Ohio State** ragged 77–68. The Billikens will get their big test against Kentucky in next Saturday's TV game of the week.

Bob Boozer picked up where he left off last year, jamming home 45 points as **Kansas State** mauled **Purdue** 96 83 and 28 more before he fouled out in the Wildcats' 82–79 overtime decision over **Indiana**. **Kansas**, without Wilt Chamberlain for first time in three years, got the kick it needed from Ron Loneski and bowled over **Rice** 65–49 and **Canisius** 75–54.

Washington U. of St. Louis, after disposing of New Mexico A&M, matched deliberate offenses with **Texas Western** and lost 56–48. Coach Eddie Hickey, in his first year at **Marquette**, derived pleasure from watching his Warriors fast break their way past **Wisconsin** 76–47 and **Illinois** 69–53.

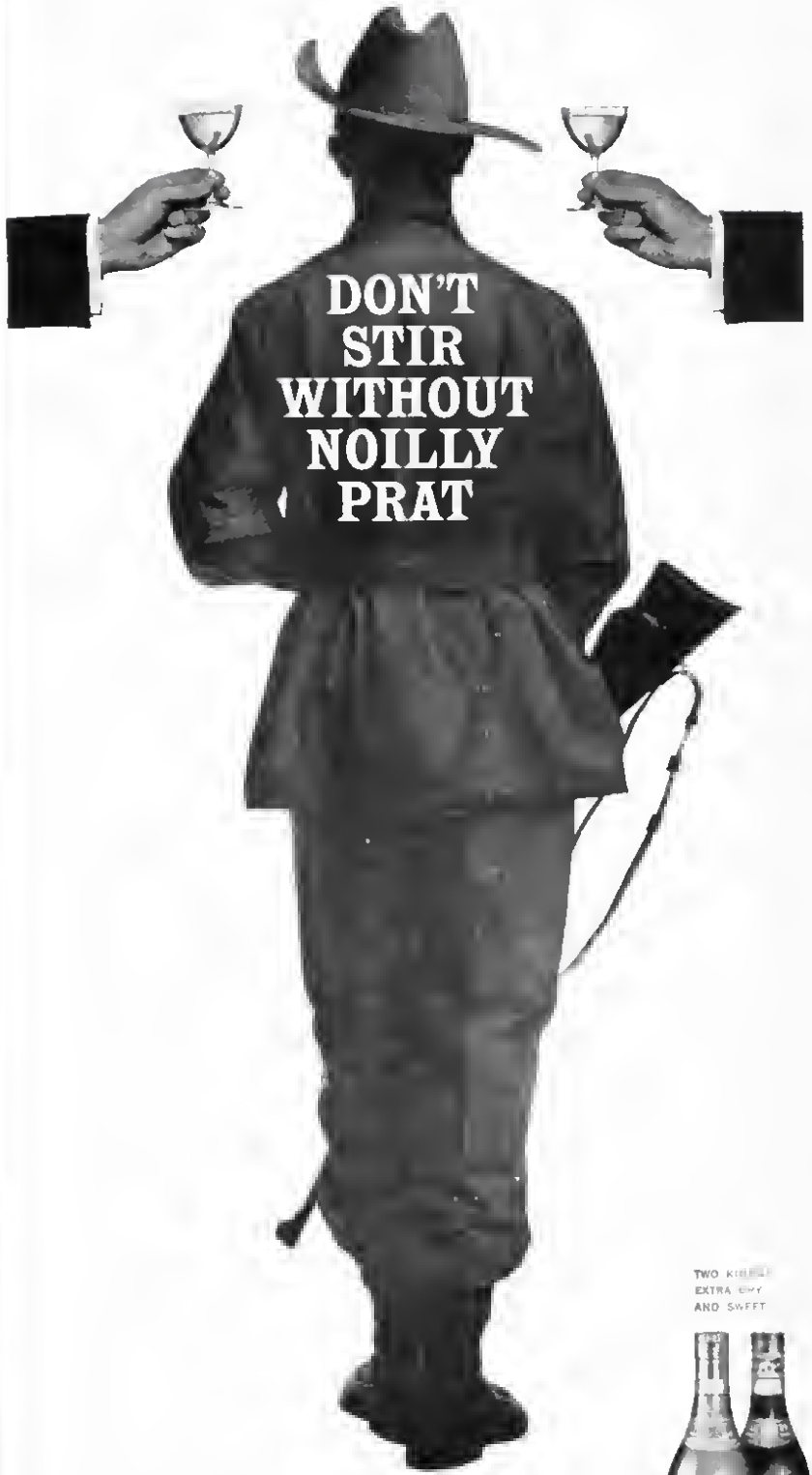
THE WEST

St. Mary's, led by sophomore Tom Meschery and Laroy Doss, a skinny beanpole with a Yul Brynner skin-do, looked more and more like the class of the West Coast after outlasting **UCLA** 62–59 in overtime and plastering **Stanford** 63–45.

San Francisco, its big names gone, dedicated its new 6,000-seat gymnasium and gave **Seattle** a fright before bowing 60–58. The Dons also lost to **California** 50–43, while Seattle, hardly missing Elgin Baylor, romped over **COP** 91–53.

Colorado surprised PCC standout **Washington** 70–63, then came back the next night to prove it was no fluke, downing the Huskies once more 69–51.

Oregon State, beaten by **Utah** 70–41 in the first of a two-game series, retired to a hotel dance floor, where Coach Slats Gill drilled his troops in a slow-motion game intended to contain the fast-breaking Utes. Gill had the right idea but Utah failed to cooperate and the Beavers lost again 62–38. Observed Gill glumly: "It was the only strategy that could give us much of a chance. If I were from Utah, I would be happy this year."



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SCOREBOARD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

FOR THE RECORD

BASEBALL—*MAJOR LEAGUE CHANGES included these in week of active trading. JIM PIERSALL, Boston, to Cleveland for VIC WERTZ and GARY GEIGER, BOBBY AVILA, Cleveland, to Baltimore for RUSS HEMAN, RUBEN GOMEZ and VALMY THOMAS, San Francisco, to Philadelphia for JACK SANFORD, GINO CIMOLI, Los Angeles, to St Louis for WALLY MOON and PHIL PAINE, EDDIE YOST, ROCKY BRIDGES and NEIL CHRISLEY, Washington, to Detroit for RENO BERTOIA, RON SAMFORD and JIM DELSING*

BASKETBALL—*NEW YORK, leader in NBA Eastern Division standings, ST LOUIS, leader in Western Division*

BOXING—*DON (GERONIMO) JORDAN, unanimous 15-round upset decision over Virgil (Honeyboy) Akins for world welterweight championship, Los Angeles*
ROY HARRIS, unanimous 12-round decision over Donnie Fleeman to retain Texas heavyweight championship, Dallas
HAROLD JOHNSON, unanimous 10-round decision over Howard King, light heavyweights, Chicago
JOSE TORRES, 5-round TKO over Ike Jenkins for ninth straight middleweight victory, fifth by KO, New York
VINCE MARTINEZ, 10-round decision over Stefan Redl, welterweights, Newark, N J

DOG SHOW—*CH DRAHERIN BLUE ANDANTE (Bedlington terrier), owned by William A Rorkefeller, New York, best in show, Philadelphia KC*

FOOTBALL—*ARMY, named winner of Lambert Trophy for eastern major college championship Runner-up Syracuse*

GOLF—*PAUL HARNEY, Worcester, Mass, $30,000 Dorado Beach invitation tournament, with 284 for 72 holes Runner-up Ted Kroll, Sarasota, Fla, with 285*
PRINCE GEORGES GOLF and COUNTRY CLUB, Landover, Md, sixth annual Goodall Tournament, with best-ball 179 for 54 holes, Hamilton, Bermuda Runner-up Saucon Valley CC, Bethlehem, Pa, with 180

HOCKEY—*MONTREAL first, Detroit second, Boston third in NHL standings*

HORSE RACING—*NICE GUY, $28,150 California Derby, 1 1/8 m, in 1 50 2/5, Tanforan Dick Griffiths up*
SILKY SULLIVAN $4,000 Tanforan feature, 6 f, by ½ length, in 1 10 3/5 Don Pierce up

INTERNATIONAL MOTOR SPORTS—*LANCE REVENTLOW, Beverly Hills, Calif, 112 5-mile Governor's Cup race in home-grown Scarab, with 88 642-mph average, Nassau, for first American car-and-driver victory in international competition since 1921 Runner-up George Constantine, Southbridge, Mass, in 3 9-liter Aston Martin*

TENNIS—*GARDNAR MULLOY, Miami, men's singles title, national senior hard court tournament, La Jolla, Calif, over Bill Lurs, Los Angeles, 6-4, 6-1 DOROTHY CHENEY, Santa Monica, Calif, women's singles title, over Mary Prentiss, San Diego, 4-6, 6-2, 6-0*
MARIO LLAMAS, Mexico, men's singles title, Argentine championships, Buenos Aires, over Enrique Morea, Argentina, 6-4, 9-7, 1-6, 2-6, 6-5
SHIRLEY BLOOMER, Britain, women's singles title over Margaret Hellyer, Australia, 2-6, 6-2, 12-10

MILEPOSTS—*DIED JACK LAVELLE, 52, chief scout for New York Giants football team and Notre Dame graduate, after a heart attack, New York Once, while scouting the 1950 Princeton team for Herman Hickman of Yale, Lavelle saw the Tigers beat Harvard 6-2, told Hickman in a one-word report "Cancel"*
DIED FRANK VESTAL, 58, nationally known field trials judge and outdoor columnist for 20 years for Memphis Commercial Appeal, after a heart attack, Memphis.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

4—sports by Fred Eng 8—AP 10 Clarence Mac Mali, UPI, CBS, AP Greensmith, AP, UP 13—AP 14, 15 Marvin E Newman, Larry Sharkey, os Angeles Times 16, 17—Kenneth C Futterleb Milwaukee Journal 20-23—drawings by Ajay 24—Max Peter Haas, Werner Wolff LIFE 27-29—Herb Scharfman 43 Leo Fuchoff 44—Mike Sinco 45—Jerry Cooke Bill Mark 54 Sid Latham 59—Fons Jonneth Pix 60-65—diagrams by William Beinstein 66—Antony Ravielli 67—Hy Peskin 70 Tom Burnside 74—Budd Studios

faces in the crowd . . .



MARGE CALHOUN, Santa Monica, Calif housewife and mother of two, won the women's senior title at the International Surfing championships on 15-foot waves off Makaha Beach, Oahu, Hawaii.



WILL HARRIDGE, 72, arguing the American League was "entitled to the services and benefits of a younger man," resigned as American League president after serving in post for 28 years.



BENNY REYNOLDS, 22, Melrose Mont. cowboy who earlier in season led Champion Jim Shoulders in all-round cowboy points, was named rodeo rookie of the year by Rodeo Cowboys Assn.



PAMELA PRATHER, a 19-year-old blonde beauty from Pasadena City College, won out over some of California's fairest when she was crowned the queen of the 1959 Tournament of Roses.



JOHN MACY, 28, Polish refugee now at the University of Houston, retained his national AAU senior 10,000-meter cross-country title with remarkable 29 47.8 time over Chicago course.



PHIL PAINE, Card pitcher traded to Dodger farm team, reacted by signing with Japanese team, as first to do so may have blazed way for other major leaguers dropped to the minors.



CLARK GABLE sent off his 7-year-old red cocker spaniel, Camino's Red Rocket, to national cocker field trial championships in Medford, N J., was rewarded as dog won over 22 roving rivals.

COMING EVENTS

December 12 to December 18
All times are E S T

★ Color television ◉ Television ✎ Network radio

Friday, December 12

BASKETBALL (college)
Steel Bowl Tourney: Pittsburgh, Duquesne, Clemson, Miami at Pittsburgh (also Dec 13).
(pro)
Cincinnati at Boston
Philadelphia at Detroit
St Louis at New York

BOATING
Miami-Palm Beach Ocean Race

BOWLING
◉ World's Invitational Match-Game champ., finals, Chicago, 10 p m. (NBC).

Saturday, December 13

BASKETBALL (college)
Bowling Green at De Paul
Connecticut at Boston College.
Fordham at Niagara
Notre Dame at Wisconsin
◉ St. Louis at Kentucky, 3 p.m (NBC)
Syracuse at Canisius
(pro)
New York at St. Louis
Philadelphia at Syracuse.

BOWLING
◉ Women's Major League Match, Ladewig vs Toepfer, Coral Gables, Fla , 5 p m (NBC).

BOXING
Bassy vs Parra, feathers, 10 rds , Hollywood

FOOTBALL (college)
◉ Blue Grass Bowl: Oklahoma State vs. Florida State, Louisville, 2 p.m (ABC) *
(pro)
◉ Chicago Cardinals at Pittsburgh, 1:30 p.m. (CBS)

GOLF
◉ All-Star Golf, Snead vs Hebert, Boca Raton, Fla , 5 p.m in each time zone (ABC).

SQUASH
Lockett Cup Singles, New York (also Dec. 14).

Sunday, December 14

BASKETBALL (pro)
New York at Minneapolis
◉ Syracuse at Detroit, 2:30 p.m (NBC)

FOOTBALL (pro)
◉ Baltimore at San Francisco (CBS) *
◉ Cleveland at New York (CBS) *
◉ Detroit at Chicago Bears (CBS) *
Green Bay at Los Angeles
◉ Philadelphia at Washington (CBS) *

HOCKEY
Chicago at New York
Montreal at Detroit
Toronto at Boston.

Monday, December 15

BASKETBALL (college)
College of the Pacific at Purdue
Maryland at Kentucky

BOXING
Perez vs Ursua, flys title, 15 rds., Manila, Philippines

Tuesday, December 16

BASKETBALL (pro)
Boston vs Syracuse; New York vs. Cincinnati at New York.

Wednesday, December 17

BASKETBALL (college)
Connecticut at Colgate
Michigan State at Notre Dame.
North Carolina State at La Salle.

BOXING
◉ Perkins vs Vasquez, lights, 10 rds., Washington, D C , 10 p m. (ABC)

HOCKEY
Boston at Chicago.

Thursday, December 18

BASKETBALL (college)
Dartmouth at Butler
Western Kentucky vs. Seton Hall at Mad. Sq. Garden, New York
(pro)
Boston at Cincinnati
Detroit at Minneapolis

CHESS
United States Championships, New York.

HOCKEY
New York at Detroit.
Toronto at Montreal.

* See local listing



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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED
December 15, 1958

IT'S UP IN THE AIR

The wild and woolly pro football season heads for a tingling climax as the Giants and Browns prepare for the final battle of the East

by TEX MAULE

BERT (DE BENNEVILLE) BELL, a round man with the voice of a cement mixer, sat happily in the gelid press box at Franklin Field in Philadelphia last Sunday and saw his latest production build to another supercolossal climax. Mr. Bell, not from Hollywood, is the commissioner of the National Football League, and one of his more onerous chores is devising the schedule for the 12 member teams each year. He has done this so adroitly that the conference champions are seldom decided before the last Sunday of the season; last year, the Detroit Lions and the San Francisco 49ers had a playoff for the Western Conference title. This year, as Bell huddled in a vast camel's hair overcoat against the razor-edge wind, the Cleveland Browns beat the Philadelphia Eagles before his very eyes, and off in Detroit the New York Giants beat the Detroit Lions, setting up the Browns-Giants game next Sunday in New York (the last of the scheduled season) which could bring about another conference playoff.

The Giants are a game behind Cleveland. A Cleveland win on Sunday would leave the Browns the undisputed if dubious pleasure of meeting Baltimore for the national title, but a Giant win would create a tie and the necessity of a second and decisive meeting between the Eastern contenders—on the 21st, again in New York.

Understandably, Bell's craggy face bore a very smug, happy look as he left Franklin Field last Sunday, and although he cannot, of course, take sides it is reasonable to suppose that he harbors a deep-down hankering for a New York victory next Sunday.

The Giants provided most of the melodrama last Sunday as they scrambled for their victory in Detroit. They were playing a badly crippled Detroit team, and for a while—during the first half—it looked as if they would win handily. The tough, veteran Giant defense let the Lions out of their own territory only once in the first two quarters; twice the Giants' Jim Patton intercepted Tobin Rote passes and once he pounced on a Lion fumble. With Alex Webster back in action, the fine Giant backs thumped into the Detroit line for steady, unspectacular gains, although a portent of things to come was the fact that the Giants could not punch the ball over in four tries from the Detroit eight-yard line. The Lions took over on downs there and tried a wide pitchout which cost them the two-point margin of the Giant victory when Jim Katcavage broke through to drop Gene Gedman in the Lion end zone for a safety.

WEIRD AND WONDERFUL

The second half was a weird and wonderful one. It started with the Lions moving surely for 68 yards and a touchdown immediately after the kickoff. A little less than two minutes later, Giant Quarterback Charley Conerly fumbled, and Wayne Walker, a rookie lineman for Detroit, picked up the ball and went 34 yards for another touchdown, and the Lions were, suddenly, ahead.

They might have stayed ahead had not Detroit's Head Coach George Wilson elected to make an incredible gamble early in the fourth period. With fourth down and 21 yards to go on the Detroit 44, he called for a fake punt and run by Yale Lary. Lary gained only one yard, and the Giants, taking possession of the ball on the Detroit 45, scored the winning touchdown five plays later.

"I called the play," Wilson said later. "You've got to gamble. That play has worked three times in three attempts in the last four years. If our right end had pulled out and blocked where he was supposed to, it would have worked this time."

At that, the Lions had another chance to win. Terry Barr intercepted an inexplicable Giant pass on the Detroit 19, raced it out to the Detroit 43. A few plays later, the Lions attempted a field goal from the New York 25. There were 73 seconds left in the game when Jim Martin, the Lion place-kicker, tried from the almost point-blank range.

The attempt was blocked by Harland Svare, a Giant linebacker, as a result of a stratagem planned by him and Giant End Andy Robustelli.

"Svare was playing just outside me," said Robustelli. "We work out a plan on every extra-point and field-goal attempt, and this time it worked perfectly. I pulled the Lion defensive end inside with my block and left an alley clear for Svare. Their corner man tried to block him when he shot in there, but the angle was too tough and he didn't have a chance."

At the time Svare blocked the field-goal attempt, the Brown-Eagle game in Philadelphia had ended and the Giants knew that the kick had to be blocked to keep them in the running for the Eastern Conference title.

The Cleveland victory was a more

continued

GIANT HOPES soared with ball as Svare (84) blocked this Detroit field goal to insure victory; there were 73 seconds to go.


VISITORS 19
DETROIT 17



ONE-GAME EDGE over the New York Giants was kept intact by this Cleveland touchdown pass to Ray Renfro (26). Renfro, one of the league's better receivers, has just faked Eagle defender Tom Brookshier (40) out of position, is in the clear to pull down Milt Plum's pass en route to a touchdown on a play which covered 48 yards and put Browns ahead to stay. Renfro set up

IT'S UP IN THE AIR *continued*

workmanlike job, but it was not easy. This Brown team carries a thunderous punch on the ground but its air attack is just barely strong enough to prevent the opposition from massing its defenses on the line. For a long half last Sunday, Philadelphia's Norman Van Brocklin, who ranks with the best passers ever produced in professional football, matched the Cleveland ground strength with a bewildering assortment of passes, throwing short or long, hard or soft with effortless accuracy. The half ended 14-14; ironically, it was the Cleveland air attack which won the game on the last play of the third quarter.

Milt Plum, the big Cleveland quarterback, who adds a good deal himself to the Brown running attack, completed only five passes during the wintry afternoon. The one which made the difference went to Halfback Ray Renfro and was good for 48 yards and a touchdown. On the play before this, Paul Brown, who shuttles his guards back and forth carrying instructions to Plum, had called for the same pass pattern, with Plum throwing to End Darrell Brewster. The pass was on target, but Brewster dropped it and Brown called for the same play again. Renfro, who had broken in toward the middle of the field on the unsuccessful pass, ran nearly the same pattern this time. Tom Brookshier, the Eagle defensive halfback covering him, played him to the inside once more, but Renfro broke to the sideline and was 10 yards in the clear when Plum's flat, hard shot reached him. Renfro is one of the fastest men in pro football; no one touched him.

X-RAY OF LAST WEEK'S GAMES

	Pts	Yds Rush	Yds Pass	Pass Comp
Browns vs.	21	250	92	5-11
Eagles	14	129	144	16-28
49ers vs.	48	210	258	21-30
Packers	21	172	163	15-31
Rams vs	30	44	235	11 26
Colts	28	156	203	23-41
Giants vs.	19	116	135	6-17
Lions	17	140	14	6-20
Bears vs.	30	151	162	11-30
Cards	14	50	84	10 35
Redskins vs	14	216	-28	6-11
Steelers	14	98	287	18-34

LEAGUE STANDINGS

EASTERN CONFERENCE

	Won	Lost	Tied	Pct	GB
Cleveland	9	2	0	818	—
New York	8	3	0	727	1
Pittsburgh	6	4	1	600	2½
Washington	3	7	1	300	5½
Chicago Cards	2	8	1	200	6½
Philadelphia	2	8	1	200	6½

WESTERN CONFERENCE

	Won	Lost	Tied	Pct	GB
Baltimore	9	2	0	818	
Los Angeles	7	4	0	.636	2
Chicago Bears	7	4	0	.636	2
San Francisco	5	6	0	.455	4
Detroit	4	6	1	400	4½
Green Bay	1	9	1	100	7½



touchdown on previous play by breaking the other way, preparing for successful fake. Brookshier was caught flat-footed.



BELEAGUERED COLT Ordell Braase (81) literally fights off Ram blocker Ken Panfil (73) to get to Del Shofner (29). Although Colts had already won Western title, 100,202 Los Angeles fans turned out to see their beloved Rams win 30-28 in all-out struggle.

Jim Brown, Cleveland's record-breaking fullback, gained 138 yards rushing in this game after having been held to 12 yards in 11 carries the week before. The Eagle defense was not keyed specifically to Brown, nor could it have been, since Cleveland has two other strong runners in its backfield in Lew Carpenter and in Plum. Carpenter and Brown divided the ball-carrying evenly, each making 21 attempts. Carpenter gained an even 100 yards.

When the Giants defeated Cleveland earlier this year, Coach Jim Lee Howell virtually ignored the Cleveland passing game, concentrated his defenses on the Cleveland running. Sam Huff, one of the league's better linebackers, dogged Jim Brown's tracks all afternoon and did a good job of haltering the big fullback, who got away on only one long run. Carpenter, however, was injured and did not play in that game. The Giant pass defenders, as a unit, must be ranked ahead of Philadelphia's so that Howell can again, with reasonable assurance, concentrate his defense against the Cleveland running. However, his problem is complicated by Carpenter this time; it is not feasible to assign Huff to Jim Brown and another linebacker to Carpenter without giving even so journeyman a passer as Plum too much leeway.

Nevertheless, George Wilson, whose Lions beat the Browns and lost to the Giants, probably best summed up the wide-open prospects next Sunday. Said Wilson, when asked to compare the teams: "I can't. You never can tell what a ball club will do on a different afternoon."

The Pittsburgh Steelers, a team which had retained a faint chance for a conference championship, tied the Washington Redskins 14–14 in a game which, by the time it ended, meant nothing. Oddly, while the Steelers still had a hope, they lagged behind 14–0. It was only in the second half, after the Browns had won and ended the Steeler hopes, that Bobby Layne rallied his team for the two tying touchdowns, But Layne sounded an ominous note after the game.

"We're as good as any team in the league right now," he said. "As good or better. We'll be up there next year." And Buddy Parker, the Steeler coach, agreed. "We don't need much now," he said. "Maybe an offensive fullback and a linebacker. Wait until next year."

But first comes that unfinished business next Sunday. **END**

WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT

HOME RUN IN WISCONSIN



UPLAND, lowland, wood, marsh and littoral it has been a bounteous autumn for the American hunter. Here, at Wisconsin's Horicon national wildlife refuge, for instance, the special goose season was closed three weeks early when 16,000 birds, including some of these fat Canadas, snows and blues, were killed from blinds on the refuge's perimeter. And it was a grand autumn for Wisconsin goose watchers, too. One Sunday, 50,000 goose watchers drove out to Horicon to look at, listen to and photograph 55,000 geese. Police and Civil Defense volunteers had to be called out to unsnarl the traffic.

When the first birds arrived, the winter wheat was as high as a gander's eye, but today the field is flat enough to play marbles on, and many of the geese have resumed their clamorous passage south. Their mingled voices have been recorded as ong-ong, goup and ga-ga-ga, as well as being compared by blither spirits to the sound of far-off harps, sweet bells jangling and the distant baying of mellow-tongued hounds. But as times change, metaphors change. "The noise," said Photographer Ken Futterlieb, who took the group portrait of this symposium, "is as though a continuous Braves' home run were being hit at County Stadium."



INSTANT GOLF FOR STAY-AT-HOME ADDICTS

As a spectator sport, golf is not ideally suited to TV. A tournament percolates too slowly. Taking its cue from instant coffee and quick-frozen TV dinners, however, ABC-TV has found the answer in a filmed series called *All-Star Golf* (5 p.m. Saturdays in all time zones). What an estimated 9 to 12 million viewers see on the screen is a crisp, exciting match between two top professionals that has been filmed a few months earlier. The loser collects $1,000 and steps out, while the winner earns $2,000 and returns the following week. Very simple. As these pictures amply show, the distillation of this heady sporting brew is a more complicated business. A force of 50 technicians, seven cameras, one golf course and, naturally, two golfers are needed to film each show. Weeks later, by simply flipping a switch on his set, the enchanted viewer can see in 60 minutes what may have taken eight hectic hours to record.



CALLING FOR ACTION, Producer-Director Sidney Goltz glides around in hustling cart, shouting instructions over loudspeaker.



SCRAMBLING TO COVER camera against sudden shower are two cameramen perched atop 28-foot hydraulic lift.





LIVE AUDIENCE, ringing the green at an All-Star Golf match at the Ponce de Leon Golf Club in St. Augustine, Fla. consists of a gallery of fans plus a bulky task force of TV technicians who follow the players over the golf course like bearers on an African safari. This 26-show series, now in its second year, goes on location wherever the climate is warm and sunny.





WIDE-ANGLE VIEW at Boca Raton (*above*) shows cameras goggling in from all sides as Roberto De Vicenzo putts in one of his two matches with Sam Snead. Their first ended in a tie, but Snead won the subsequent playoff, carried on TV last week.

GOLFER TO WATCH is Sam Snead (*left*), the Wyatt Earp of the fairways. This week, after finally beating De Vicenzo in a two-week struggle, he meets Lionel Hebert and then retires. But only temporarily—he'll be back and full of fight next February.

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

Remember?

A MIGHTY ROAR echoed from the stands at Tanforan race track in California one day last week as a big, sleek chestnut made his move in the stretch of the $4,000, six-furlong feature. Hoofs pounding, nostrils flared, the great horse, 12 lengths off the pace at the half, drove past one after another of the field of nine to win by half a length in 1 minute 10 3/5 seconds, the second fastest time in the meeting.

The horse's name? Silky Sullivan.

Who's on First, If Any

BY ALL ODDS, the most important development of the winter baseball meetings held in Washington D.C. last week was that Dick Nixon, at the main banquet, wore his own tuxedo. Certainly little else happened.

All important legislation was either voted down, passed in a milk-toast form or tabled into some distant tomorrow. Two committees already formed to consider the problem of 10-team leagues were dissolved; another was created and it in turn handed the whole ugly problem over to a research agency. The realignment of two minor leagues was settled, disrupted, then settled again with a maximum of confusion and skulduggery.

Major league player representatives asked club owners for 20% of each team's gross income and were answered with a loud and unanimous "no." International League players threatened to strike unless their owners created a pension fund, but scarcely anyone bothered to answer them.

The most definite statement of the meetings was made by Will Harridge, president of the American League for 28 years. The statement: "I resign." Everyone, including a number who had long wished he would, said how sorry they were to see him go. There is perhaps no one that American League club owners would rather see in a nice out-of-the-way spot than George Weiss, general manager of the New York Yankees, so they promptly offered George Harridge's job. He said he wouldn't take it.

There were a few trades. Wally Moon came to Washington as the St. Louis Cardinals' player representative and left as a Los Angeles Dodger. Frank Lane made a trade, naturally, getting Jim Piersall for Vic Wertz. Frank Lane loves to trade ballplayers. It relaxes him.

The liveliest spot during the meetings was the lobby of the Statler Hotel, baseball's winter playground. There sportswriters swapped rumors, general managers whispered secrets to each other behind potted palms and old outfielders tried to promote new jobs. After midnight, the lobby became a stage upon which Casey Stengel could perform his never-ending monologue act to a small crowd of delighted listeners.

Toward the end of the five-day session a few sports photographers herded a group of managers into a corner for a picture. They wanted Casey to sit in an armchair with the others gathered about. As Casey sat, his World Series rival, Fred Haney, plopped himself on Casey's lap and began tickling him under the chin. It was pretty funny stuff but no pictures were taken. The photographers wanted the posed shot, the same picture they had taken last year and the year before that. That's the way it is with baseball, too.

In the Bag

WHEN the Dodgers and Giants moved westward, National League baseball fans in the nation's largest city were abandoned to the tender mercies of the American League and its kingpin Yankees alone. National League bosses from St. Louis, Philadelphia and Pittsburgh seized the opportunity to move in—via TV. Coincidentally, the Yankees' home attendance dropped 70,000 from the previous year.

On the day following the Washington baseball meetings last week, the Phillies, Cards and Pirates announced simultaneously that they would not pipe their ball games into New York in 1959. Reasons given: "bad ratings"; "the advice of our ad men."

They Said It

MAURICE (*The Rocket*) **RICHARD,** *aging Canadien hockey great, on his future prospects: "I'd like to be a referee. I'd want to work up. Right now, of course, I'd be prejudiced in favor of the Canadiens, but in four or five years I should be able to do an honest job."*

BIGGIE MUNN, *Michigan State Athletic Director, asked if he ever missed football coaching: "Well, coaching is like a bath. If you stay in it long enough, it's not so hot."*

BILL VEECK, *disenchanted former owner of the Cleveland Indians, after the major leagues' annual business hassle in Washington: "You've heard about the barn door being locked after the horse has been stolen? Well, baseball waits until the barn has been stolen."*

Did the decision result in any way from a Yankee threat to go on nationwide network TV? "Heavens, no!" said all hands in effect.

Yankee General Manager George Weiss admitted the threat but added, "We weren't too serious about it." All of which is nice to know, but it doesn't alter the fact that the Yanks now have New York just where they want it—in the bag.

See You Later, Alligator

OF ALL the municipal problems a city can face, one of the most perplexing is to have a six-foot alligator wandering around in its sewer system. This happened recently at Pompano Beach, Fla. (pop. 18,000), whose storm drains empty into a brackish stream called Cypress Creek. The alligator crawled out of the creek and into an empty drain so narrow that it constituted a sort of underground one-way street. There *were* catch basins every 300 feet in which the alligator could have turned around if he had thought of doing so, but he didn't. He just crawled along industriously through a mile and a half of municipal plumbing, and so ended up in the last catch basin of all, right in the middle of town.

There he managed to turn himself around, but before he could decide to start the return trip he was spotted by a Pompano Beach resident named



Newton T. Haley, who bent over the iron grating to drop in a bit of rubbish and saw a hungry alligator looking up at him with interest. Mr. Haley reported his discovery to Edward L. Miller, the Director of Public Works of Pompano Beach, and it became Mr. Miller's problem to get the alligator out of the sewer.

"First we tried high-pressure fire hoses," said Miller. "We thought we could wash him down to the next catch basin and get a rope around his neck as he came out of the pipe." It didn't work. The water flowed freely but the alligator braced himself and stayed put, just a few feet down the pipe from the firemen.

"Next we tried ammonia fumes. But alligators can close their nostrils and go without air for an hour. We couldn't get enough ammonia in the sewer to bother him."

By now several days had passed, the alligator was a local celebrity, and people were offering ingenious plans for getting him out of the drains. One man suggested that either a dog or a small boy—alligators are fond of both—be dropped into the sewer and allowed to race the alligator through the pipe back to Cypress Creek.

Miller's chief fear was that the creature would starve to death in some inconvenient part of the drainage system and create a tough fumigation problem. In the end, though, it was hunger that offered a solution. Miller put a huge hunk of beef in one of the catch basins about halfway down the line, and waited. Eventually the smell wafted up to the alligator who responded like a farm hand to a dinner bell. When he reached the beef he ate it, and then, strengthened, kept on going. His tracks, headed downstream, showed up on the sandy bottoms of the catch basins and eventually led out of the sewer and back into Cypress Creek. The alligator had spent about five days, including the Thanksgiving weekend, as a guest of the city. On the whole, Pompano Beach found him about like its more thin-skinned guests. It was interesting to have him around for a while, but something of a relief, too, when he was gone.



"Whatever happened to '2,4,6,8, who do we appreciate'?"

A Plea for Fitness

AMERICANS, says Avery Brundage, President of the International Olymoic Committee, in the latest paraphrase of the words of President Eisenhower (SI, Aug. 15, '55, *et seq.*), are becoming a nation of softies. "Because we are descended from pioneers," Brundage

continued

told a meeting of the American Amateur Athletic Union in Chicago last week, "we developed the belief that we are one of the greatest sports nations in the world. And so we were, many years ago." But U.S. athletes today, Brundage asserted, "are outclassed in over half the sports on the Olympic program. Fewer and fewer world records are being set by American athletes. We haven't won an international race of over half a mile in the last 15 years. We invented basketball and our basketball team went to Buenos Aires and was beaten by the Argentines."

Americans, said Avery Brundage, continuing the paraphrase, "are too prosperous. Our life is too easy."

One way the U.S. committee already plans to stem this tide of deterioration before the 1960 Games is by stepping up the pre-Olympic conditioning period for all athletes from a lackadaisical fortnight to a rugged six weeks of rigorous training in camp. The new plan, which may cost up to $500,000, will be given a trial run this summer before the Pan-American Games to see how it works.

"There was a time," said Committeeman Tom Hamilton, the Pittsburgh Athletic Director who first urged the plan, "when the U.S. could throw a team together with a minimum of training and fare exceedingly well, but now we have to carry that ball up the field to meet the kind of competition we're getting in the Olympics."

His Highness

I AM the commissioner," said His Highness Prince Borghese with some melancholy one day last week at the Waldorf-Astoria, "because they have not yet found anyone better. But there must be someone better than me!" The prince, a middle-aged, middle-sized bachelor whose noble family includes at least one Pope (Paul V) was in New York as guest of honor at a reception for Baseball for Italy, Inc., a nonprofit organization which hopes to strengthen "the ties of friendship between the United States and Italy through the sport of baseball."

At home in Italy, when he is not serving as Commissioner of Baseball for his native land and the whole of Europe, Prince Borghese spends his time growing wheat and alfalfa on 1,000 irrigated acres near Nettuno, cultivating vegetables and fattening 200 head of Swiss and Dutch dairy cattle. He also grows mushrooms.

Although the prince spent his youth playing tennis, skiing, "climbing on the rocks" and rowing on the naval academy crew ("I was the last, the smallest one"), he had never seen baseball until he watched two GIs playing catch just after World War II. " 'What is this childish game?' I asked myself," he says. " 'What possible fun can they be having from it?' " The prince found out when the manager of the American cemetery at Anzio-Nettuno asked him if he could spare some land for a diamond. "It was," says the prince with pride, "the first baseball ground in Italy."

Today the prince's Italian organization boasts 100 ball teams. The players, says the prince, are "amateur in theory," and games are played only on Sunday because Italians are not accustomed to attending sporting events during the week. "The Nettuno team, which is sponsored by Algida, an ice-cream company," he says, "have always been champion but not on account of me; I only give the ground. It is a cute idea, don't you think? A summer game sponsored by an ice-cream company; very cute." Nettuno used to be sponsored by Chlorodent, the toothpaste, and the team was known as the Chlorodents, but several of the teams have proper American names like the Florence Braves and the Bologna Green Sox.

"The most people who ever watched a game in Italy," says Prince Borghese, "was 12,000 in 1952, but that wasn't really fair. I had invited Gregory Peck to the game. How good are the Italian teams? Well, I have asked the catcher of Glorioso, our best pitcher who now lives on Long Island—he was a plumber—and he tells me, 'Don't you dare bring an Italian team here to the States!' Do the spectators shout at the umpires? Yes, they cry, 'More horned than a basket of snails,' which is a very old Italian saying."

Win-lose, Win-lose Road?

EVEN TODAY it is possible to lose a fight on fouls. Though referees no longer stop a bout because of them, they still have the right to do so if fouling is persistent.

When Welterweight Champion Virgil Akins fought Don Jordan in Los Angeles the other night the odds were 3 to 1 in the champion's favor. He fought like a man with the odds against him.

It simply is not Akins' normal style to butt, wrestle and punch low, but he did one or the other and sometimes all three in every round. The referee warned him about it seven times during the fight and deducted two points from his score. Even if the points had not been deducted Akins still would have lost, since only fair blows count and he seemed almost careful not to throw enough fair blows to make any impression on the scoring.

Whatever the motive for his persistent fouling, so blatant that even TV Announcer Jimmy Powers commented on it repeatedly, Akins' tactics were a stench in the American living room.

There will, of course, be a return bout and it probably will be in Akins' home town, St. Louis. That may give a clue as to whether Akins has set out on the win-lose, win-lose road that Jimmy Carter took in the lightweight division.

Bears' Market

REMEMBER the football cards that popped up in bubble-gum packages for a while during the late '30s? Well, in case you haven't been chewing much lately, the kids are still swapping them, have been for the last seven or eight years. At latest market quotations, one Jimmy Brown is worth one Rick Casares, a Van Brocklin and the bubble gum from five packs of baseball cards. All of them, however, may soon be museum pieces because of a financial

hassle in the councils of big league football.

Back in the days when you were trading, say, two Bulldog Turners and a Don Hutson for one Sammy Baugh, the league and its players had no firm stake in the deal. The cards were freebooted; nobody got paid; nobody seemed to care.

Ever since 1951, however, National League Commissioner Bert Bell has been collecting a fair stash every season from a gum manufacturer for the rights to print players' likenesses and tuck them into his product. This year 110 million cards were printed—a record like Baugh's 187 touchdown passes—and the take was $15,000. Unlike the royalties for baseball cards, which go to the players individually, the football money went into the league funds and stayed there. Then the newly formed National Football League Players Assn. put in a claim for the gum loot.

After chewing over the problem for a spell, Commissioner Bell ruled that the money be turned over to the association, with the proviso that a chunk of it be paid to some dissident players on the Chicago Bears. At that point, the bubble burst. The Bears are the only team which has refused to join the players' union and doesn't feel any urge to feed its kitty. The union doesn't want to share any of its loot with the obstinate Bears.

So there it stands—a stalemate made to order for the speculator with a mind to buy in on Jimmy Browns. Who knows? Maybe someday they'll be worth as much as those Baughs you have left over from the old days.

Karpovich Carps

DR. PETER KARPOVICH is a renowned expert on and an ardent proponent of weight lifting. He is never so happy as when he is plugging the beneficial physical effects of the shoulder shrug, the squat, pullover, supine press and lateral raise. About football, however, Dr. Karpovich is perhaps less well informed and certainly less enthusiastic.

When the physicians attached to New England's colleges met for their annual convention at Springfield recently, Dr. Karpovich suggested to the medical men assembled that they unite with educators and drive football out of all educational institutions forthwith. Dr. Karpovich didn't say where football might go; he merely insisted that it was no proper part of education.

"As college physicians you have to take an active part covering the medical aspects of football," he declaimed. "Prohibit playing before the public, and see how many will choose football as a means of physical education! When a man has to wear armor for protection; when a doctor and an ambulance have to be present, is it a type of activity a man wants to choose for his son? . . . Doctors and educators should unite in driving football out of educational institutions to free adolescent slaves from a demanding activity which steals their time without giving in return anything educationally tangible."

Said Oscar Solem, retired football coach at the doctor's own college: "I don't think Karpy knows his football too well. What would replace it?"

The doctors assembled decided to table the matter—for a while anyway.



"Me, I'm on tranquilizers."



Long and Low

Detroit has impressed
This Master of Foxhounds:
He now leads the hunt
With '59 Dachs-hounds.
—TESSA AUSTEN

The Meaning of Mu

TETSUHARU KAWAKAMI is 38, a first baseman for the Tokyo Giants and a Zen Buddhist. At the end of this year's season, Kawakami felt he was too old to play baseball, but his fans begged him not to retire and Kawakami did not want to displease them. Since Zen Buddhism prescribes meditation rather than revelation for solving one's problems, Tetsuharu Kawakami went to a mountain temple southwest of Tokyo and meditated for 21 days. When he emerged the other day, after "coming to grips with my bare spirit," he had a serene reply for his anxious followers. It was *mu* (pronounced moo), a Zen word meaning nothingness. For 24 hours Giant rooters worriedly pondered the meaning. Then Kawakami smiled and gave them his translation of *mu*: he would remain with the Giants as a coach but would occasionally relieve at first base. **END**



PROMOTER KRAMER DISPLAYS PROFESSIONAL TROPHIES PANCHO GONZALES AND LEW HOAD

KRAMER: PROS AND CONS

FOR keeping his temper, facing his opposition and winning his points, clearly few sportsmen can equal the tennis world's Jack Kramer, whose many talents are getting a brisk workout in Australia right now.

Australian amateurs are angry with Kramer because of all the expensively developed Australian Davis Cup stars he has bought up for his professional tour (five of them so far) and all those he plans to buy. They are angry because, they say, the drawing power of his pro stars drains off attendance and revenue from their amateur fixtures. And—this is Kramer's most recent offense — they are angry because Kramer objects to the rental terms of the Lawn Tennis Association of Australia and plans to stage his 1959 pro matches in public stadiums where LTAA groups will not get their cut of the proceeds.

All of these, however, are merely local complaints. On top of them, there is a larger charge based on the fact that Jack Kramer is Davis Cup Captain Perry Jones's chief aide and adviser. Though a pro, Kramer is a power among the amateurs. He has been working closely with the U.S. Davis Cup team for weeks. He knows Australia—and the conditions under which tennis is played there—as Jones does not. His words will carry weight when Jones makes the final choice of Davis Cup players. All these factors involve Kramer on the amateur side of the net.

It is no secret in Australia that as soon as the Davis Cup matches are over, Australian Cuppers Mal Anderson and Ashley Cooper plan to sign with Kramer. On a television panel show in Sydney recently, Adrian Quist, the ex-Aussie star, asked Kramer pointblank: "How do you feel about your offer [to Anderson and Cooper] in view of your position with the U.S. Davis Cup team? A bad loss by Cooper and Anderson—what would be your reaction to it?"

"Naturally," said Kramer, "they would be less valuable if they lost." But, he said later, "I will try to do everything I can to help the American team win."

No one doubts that Jack Kramer will do just that; no one questions his integrity. Nevertheless, the position he holds is untenable. It has become the vogue recently for men to take up conflicting interests, and to defend that act with the assertion that everybody knows they are honest. There is an older tradition which seems to us better: to avoid conflicts of interest so that one's acts don't need defending.

When Australians suggested that Kramer ought to resign, Perry Jones replied, "I have discussed the matter with Australian officials. I have told them Jack's professional activities are a separate matter entirely. They assured me that how we ran our team was our own private business."

Perry Jones needs Jack just as Ike once needed Sherman Adams and we're sorry about that. It is, however, something more than Jones's and Kramer's private business. The very fact that Kramer made his pre-cup offers to Australian players and not to American players shows that the chief counsellor of the American team (Kramer) has decided which pair of players is likely to make the best drawing card, later on, for the president of World Tennis, Inc. (also Kramer).

As a businessman, Kramer is entitled to disagree as often as he pleases with LTAA officials, or anyone else. But as special adviser to the U.S. Davis Cup captain, and as coach of the players, he has a duty to function without any conflict of interests whatever. He is not without that conflict of interests now. ENO

AMATEUR KRAMER CUDDLES U.S. CUP



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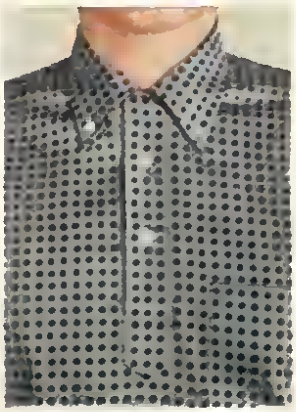
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ARROW

THE WORD FOR JOSÉ IS A LOUD OLÉ

José Torres, exciting new middleweight, thrills his Puerto Rican compatriots

by MARTIN KANE



HIS DISTINCTIVE GUARD, WITH GLOVES HIGH, COVERS TORRES' CHIN

Herb Scharfman

THE FIGHT ENDED with a frenzied sellout crowd screaming happily, a brave and rugged middleweight out on his feet, fans scrambling into the ring and the victor seizing the microphone between gloved fists to shout in Spanish an invitation to his next fight two weeks hence. It was another triumph for José Torres, stablemate of Heavyweight Champion Floyd Patterson and the most promising young middleweight around, the special idol of New York's multitudinous Puerto Rican colony.

Last Thursday night's fight at Sunnyside Gardens was only Torres' ninth professional bout but in that brief period he has become the sensation of the small clubs of the city, to which he draws bigger crowds than Madison Square Garden gets for most of its televised attractions. It ended, as usual, in a knockout, this time over veteran Ike Jenkins in the fifth round. No other ending would have satisfied the Puerto Ricans. When Torres fights they demand a knockout, with howls of "*¡Ahora!*" as they sense it is coming and a thumbs-down gesture that points to where they want to see his opponent. Before each Torres fight they patronize peddlers who pass among them hawking pictures of their hero, including one which features a Spanish calendar. During the preliminaries they whistle at girls, boo the boxers in the ring and have a glorious time betting on the round that the knockout will come in. They do not bet against Torres.

All this is fine and healthy for the sport, but it signalizes an important change that has come over it.

In this time of prizefighting's decadence even a very promising new boxer must be no less than sensational to impress the old hands of the sport because, they tell you, television is a cannibal that eats up bright young fighters when they are tender. It is hard nowadays for a beginning boxer to learn his art. If he is good there is danger that he will be rushed too fast into the contender ratings. In the old days a promising young fellow was given years of seasoning and scores of fights, all of them educational, before he was taken too seriously. Benny Leonard had 107 professional fights before he was allowed to try for the lightweight title. Sugar Ray Robinson had 75 before he won the welterweight championship. Other great men of the ring waited even longer for their glory. Consider the case of Archie Moore, who had 17 years of fighting behind him before he won the light heavyweight title.

So the old hands around Stillman's Gym sigh a little these days when they see the tempest of excitement being stirred up in New York by José Torres, who already has acquired an impassioned following of fans and is even being talked of as a future champion. In his eighth fight Torres drew one of the largest crowds in 20 years at St. Nicholas Arena. His fans, who are mostly Puerto Ricans, too, at present, will assure you that José is ready right now to take on Sugar Ray Robinson for the middleweight title.

José, who has sparred with Robinson, does not deny this.

"I think I hurt him," he says, and adds with quiet enthusiasm for himself, "I think I could take him."

Torres' self-confidence is astonishing in one so young and with so little ring experience. He is only 22 years old and started boxing when he was

continued

18, which is three to five years late in the opinion of most trainers. But he has justified it in every fight.

"My only problem now," says José, "is that I don't know yet whether I can go a really fast 10 or 15 rounds. I will have to find that out first. Then I can tackle some big name fighters."

He will not find it out soon, the way he has been going, because he generally stops his man early. His opponents at this stage, naturally, have been unranked and even pretty much unknown, but they have included veterans who might reasonably have been expected to solve the puzzles that the Torres style imposes on opponents. None of them has been able to do it. So far he has not been hit a really hard blow in any pro fight.

Some extremely keen minds have been fascinated by this problem in ring chess. Champion Sugar Ray, a master of the moves, studied the style and decided he knew the answer. Recently he backed the experienced Otis Woodard to prove it. The astute Ray coached Woodard before the fight, and he counseled him in his corner during the fight. At the end of the first round Sugar Ray was pleading with Woodard to throw uppercuts. Woodard threw uppercuts, and at the end of the second round Robinson was pleading with him to protect himself against right-hand smashes to the jaw. At the end of the third Sugar Ray was suggesting that Woodard might try pulling Torres' head toward him with his left hand the while he banged away at it with his right, a sign of desperation since this is not precisely a legal maneuver. At the end of the fourth Sugar Ray had little to say, and at the end of the fifth a doctor stopped the bout to save Woodard from needless punishment. In the howling crowd of Puerto Ricans at St. Nick's a brother of Torres jumped up and down with joy.

The Torres style, so seemingly insoluble, derives from that of his stablemate, Heavyweight Champion Patterson, who has not been solved yet either. Patterson, taking a rather special pride in his protégé, has been giving Torres pointers.

The style was created by their manager, Cus D'Amato, who calls it "boxing out of a defense." It provides an instant and punishing answer to every one of boxing's half dozen standard punches. It is sometimes ridiculed (Charley Goldman, trainer of Rocky Marciano, calls it "the peekaboo style"), but it is the most successful style around right now. It helped make Patterson champion, and it has made Torres the idol of New York's 640,000 Puerto Ricans, not to mention quite a few other aficionados of no particular ethnic persuasion.

The Puerto Ricans are the latest immigrant tide to flood New York. They have been flocking to the city at a rate which sometimes has exceeded 50,000 a year. Their predecessors—the Irish, the Italians, the Jews, the Negroes from the South—all in their turn have contributed members to the royalty of sport, but it is doubtful if any similar group ever has exceeded the enthusiasm of the citizen-immigrant Puerto Ricans for an athlete. It is understandable. Crowded into slum areas and working at menial jobs, they have little else to cheer about. But in sport they have put up to national acclaim a few representatives like Ruben Gomez, former Giant pitcher, and in boxing they have given us Sixto Escobar, the bantamweight champion of the '30s. The Puerto Ricans are hungry for another hero at the moment and José Torres is it.

He is worthy of it—a young man with a fine air of dignity about him and the warm friendliness of a puppy.

Torres took up boxing at the late age of 18 simply because he was in the Army and was tipped off that if he made an athletic team he would automatically be relieved of grubby details that he hated.

"These fellows told me that if I made a team I would not have to do K.P.," he explained, "so I picked boxing. I thought it would be good to know about it."

He gives credit to Master Sergeant Pat Nappi as "the first who taught me to fight with my hands up," a training that made it a fairly simple matter to adapt to the style D'Amato teaches. Most young fighters hate to keep their hands up. It is tiring, for one thing, and it looks timid. But with hands up José beat everyone he met in the Army, then went on to reach the finals of the light middleweight division in the 1956 Olympics, where he was defeated by the Hungarian veteran, Laszlo Papp. It was the third Olympic title for Papp, who had knocked out Spider Webb in the

TORRES' GUARD temptingly exposes his sides but, as Lupe Leyro is finding out, José blocks a punch to either side by drawing back his elbow, then counters.







ANOTHER TEMPTATION, the uppercut, is slipped either to right or left, in this case to the left because it is a right uppercut. The maneuver puts Torres in position to counter hard with a left hook to the side, the start of one of his flashing combinations.

1952 Games. Torres takes some consolation in the fact that he lost to him by a single point.

At 22, Torres stands 5 feet 10 inches tall and, his handlers believe, will have no difficulty staying within the 160-pound middleweight limit from which Patterson graduated to heavyweight caliber. He boxes now at about 160 pounds. He has good shoulders, nicely muscled arms, legs that look tireless and a calm, disciplined approach to fighting that seems very un-Latin. Outside the ring he has the gentle ways of any well-raised young man, speaks politely to his elders and most respectfully of D'Amato, whom he regards as another father.

Boxing prestige has meant a great deal to Torres, more than the eight suits and 14 pairs of shoes he has accumulated since he began to fill the small clubs of New York. He has begun to see the sport as a means to greater success, wealth and fame. He still lives in an $11-a-week room in Brooklyn, but in the future he sees a pleasant apartment and marriage to his girl, Ramona Ortiz, who comes to his room once a week with her mother to tidy it up. Torres feels marriage is now about a year away. His first few fights paid him a mere $250, but when he began to appear at St. Nick's he was clearing close to $2,000 a fight. D'Amato so far has refused to take the usual managerial percentage from him.

"There will be time enough when he begins to make important money," D'Amato says. "I'd only have to pay it out in income tax anyway."

Torres is under the immediate instruction of Joe Fariello, a trainer who, at 21, is a year younger than his pupil and has been training fighters since he was 17. After 10 amateur fights, in which he broke his nose and his hands, Fariello was about to quit boxing for a career as a draughtsman when D'Amato, foreseeing a time when he would be too preoccupied with managerial duties to teach his young fighters personally, offered him a post as trainer. Fariello turned out to be a natural teacher with a remarkable gift for clarifying the more complex moves.

TWO PUNCHES TO WORRY ABOUT

"Cus always had a way of teaching fighters," Fariello says, "and he taught me to do it."

The style is quite simple to understand. Its basic position is a semicrouch, left foot a trifle forward, with both gloves tight against the cheeks. The elbows are extended slightly from the body.

"It's a counterpunching style but you can lead from it, too," Fariello explained the other day at Stillman's. "We say that when you block a punch you should throw a punch, and you can do it from this style.

"The only two punches our style has to worry about are the uppercut and punches to the sides (*see pictures*). Some people have the impression that our fighters can be hit in the body. It looks rather open and a lot of them try it. But if, say, an opponent throws a right hand to the left side, Torres' left elbow goes back to block it and he can then hook inside the right. The same applies to a blow on the other side.

"You slip an uppercut and you have a clean left-hook shot to throw or you can just knock it off with the glove."

Consequently other trainers around Stillman's don't like to have their charges spar with Torres.

"They say it's discouraging," Fariello explained. "The fighter tries to hit him and gets hit back. He can't get a clean shot at Torres himself. A trainer doesn't want his fighters to become discouraged."

One of those Torres has discouraged is Joey Giardello, the No. 4 middleweight. They sparred recently and, says Fariello, "Torres almost knocked him out." Torres is not, however, a sensational puncher. He succeeds mostly by attrition, wearing his man down until the fight is stopped.

Both D'Amato and Fariello believe Torres can gain the title some day.

"He can do it," Fariello says, "if he takes care of himself outside as well as he does in the gym. So far he is doing very well. He is not a fast liver. He only goes with one girl. I guess he's a little on the bashful side.

"The tough problem will be to get a crack at the title. Cus has in mind to put him in against as many unrated fighters as possible, because once you start fighting rated fighters it is impossible to get fights below that level. We want José to have all the fights and all the experience he can get."

For that reason, and because of D'Amato's antipathy for the International Boxing Club and television generally, you are not likely to see José on your home screen very soon. The TV monster will not be allowed to devour him. **END**

Photographs by John G. Zimmerman



SMILING CHAMPIONS BARBARA AND BOB REST AT RINKSIDE

BEST ON ICE IN THE SPOTLIGHT

With enormous talent and a devoted coach, Barbara Wagner and Bob Paul have literally set audiences ablaze in the world of figure skating

by MARY SNOW

NO TWO PEOPLE ANYWHERE skate together as precisely or as gracefully as the young couple on the opposite page, Bob Paul and Barbara Wagner, Canada's world pair skating champions. In a simple movement like the arabesque spiral shown here, they are virtually flawless. Their complete mastery, however, is truly proved in difficult and dangerous maneuvers like the death spiral on this week's cover. There are few pair skaters throughout the world today who will even attempt the death spiral and fewer yet who can approximate the speed with which Barbara is swung or her closeness to the ice—her hair actually brushes the surface. A fraction of an inch off in the alignment of their feet or an ounce less of the tension with which Bob holds her and Barbara would get a nasty crack on the head.

The skill involved in such perfection of timing has taken Barbara, 20, and Bob, 21, eight years of working together under the critical eye of their coach, Sheldon Galbraith. Since the essence of pair skating is the illusion of two skaters performing as a single unit, rival pros give Galbraith credit for an astonishing job in aligning two skaters of such different heights. Bob, a six-footer, is 11 inches taller than Barbara. "They've had to learn to help each other," says Galbraith, "and over the years they've found ways to compensate for the size difference. For example, Bob has to start his lifts unusually low, and if Barbara didn't give him enough spring at the right time he'd have trouble getting her up there." To keep the rhythmic flow of their skating perfect, each new maneuver is painstakingly worked out on a rink equipped with two sets of mirrors. Then Galbraith takes movies which are run and rerun until all flaws have been combed out.

Eight years ago, when Galbraith decided to put these two together, he had no intention of developing a champion pair. "Bob was a strong skater," he explains. "He was good on school figures but because he was a pretty shy kid his free skating was too inhibited. Barbara, on the other hand, was vivacious, showed a wonderful abandon in her free skating but wasn't taking a long enough stride." By pairing them off, Galbraith believed each would help the other. The success of this casual experiment is a matter of record. The pair has won every major Canadian and North American title and has won the world title twice in a row. They will defend that title this February at Colorado Springs and then set their minds on a gold medal at 1960's Squaw Valley Olympics.

To stay up at the top of the highly competitive skating world, Bob and Barbara put in five hours a day, six days

continued

FROM THE VASTNESS of a darkened arena the searing spotlight etches on the ice the single shadow of Barbara and Bob spiraling together in perfect harmony on thin edges of steel.





PRACTICE SESSION begins with Coach Sheldon Galhraith demonstrating Boh's proper position (*above*), watching for flaws in synchronization as his world champions move into high speed and (*below right*) discussing a troublesome detail with Barbara.





a week, from November until May at the Toronto Cricket and Skating Club. Then, in July, they head for an artificial rink in the remote northern mining town of Schumacher, Ontario for grueling eight-hour-a-day summer sessions.

With such a time-consuming schedule, social activities have had to be pared to the bone and a college education sacrificed. "We had a week at Christmas time in 1956 in which to make up our minds about college," Bob recalls. "We finally decided, what the heck, we'd give skating a try, Olympics-1960-here-we-come sort of thing."

In spite of the drawbacks, skating has brought many compensations beyond the pure pleasure of winning. They have seen their own continent from coast to coast and made three trips to Europe. Last year, for example, they made an exhibition tour behind the Iron Curtain, skating in, among other cities, Prague, Warsaw and Bratislava. Bob and Barbara have one favorite routine, set to the aria "One Fine Day" from *Madam Butterfly*, which is full of spirals and carry lifts done at a slow tempo—a show-stopper on the carnival but impossible under the restrictive rules of competitive pair skating.

It was the *Madam Butterfly* number plus a fast rock 'n' roll routine they ripped off in Bratislava that gave Barbara and Bob their biggest skating thrill. At the finish the crowd lit matches throughout the darkened arena—which was a Czechoslovakian way of saying the act was great. "Then," says Barbara, "they lit their programs in a mass torchlight salute. It brought tears to our eyes."

After such a triumph, and two world titles to boot, what else can a well-balanced team like this seek as a goal? Well, one thing could be money. Of course, as amateurs neither Bob nor Barbara dares even breathe the word professional. Yet the temptation must be there. Both are attractive, and as a skating team they seem to have the showmanship that ice show promoters look for. At the moment, however, no one in the Wagner-Paul camp even hints at any such plans. "Just say that all they're interested in at the moment is winning the 1960 Olympics—please," says Bob's father. And Bob agrees: "That Olympic medal is what keeps Barbara and me going." **END**



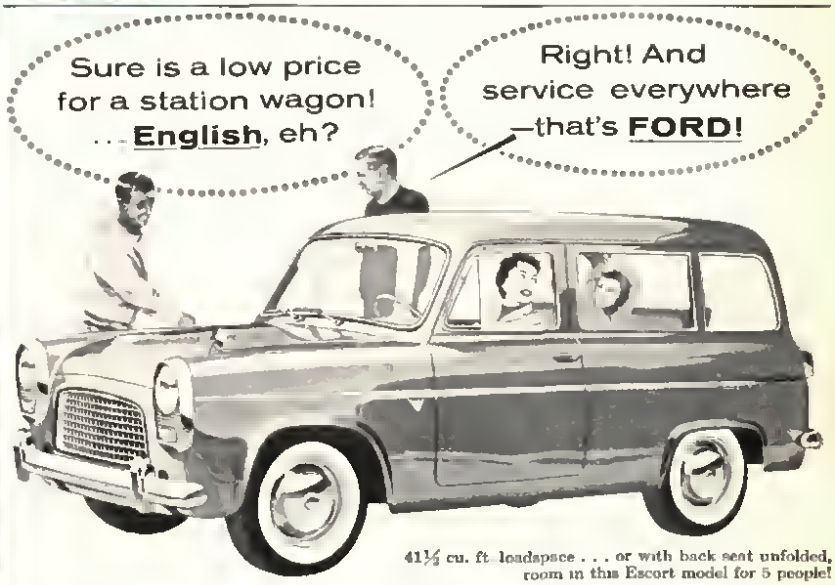


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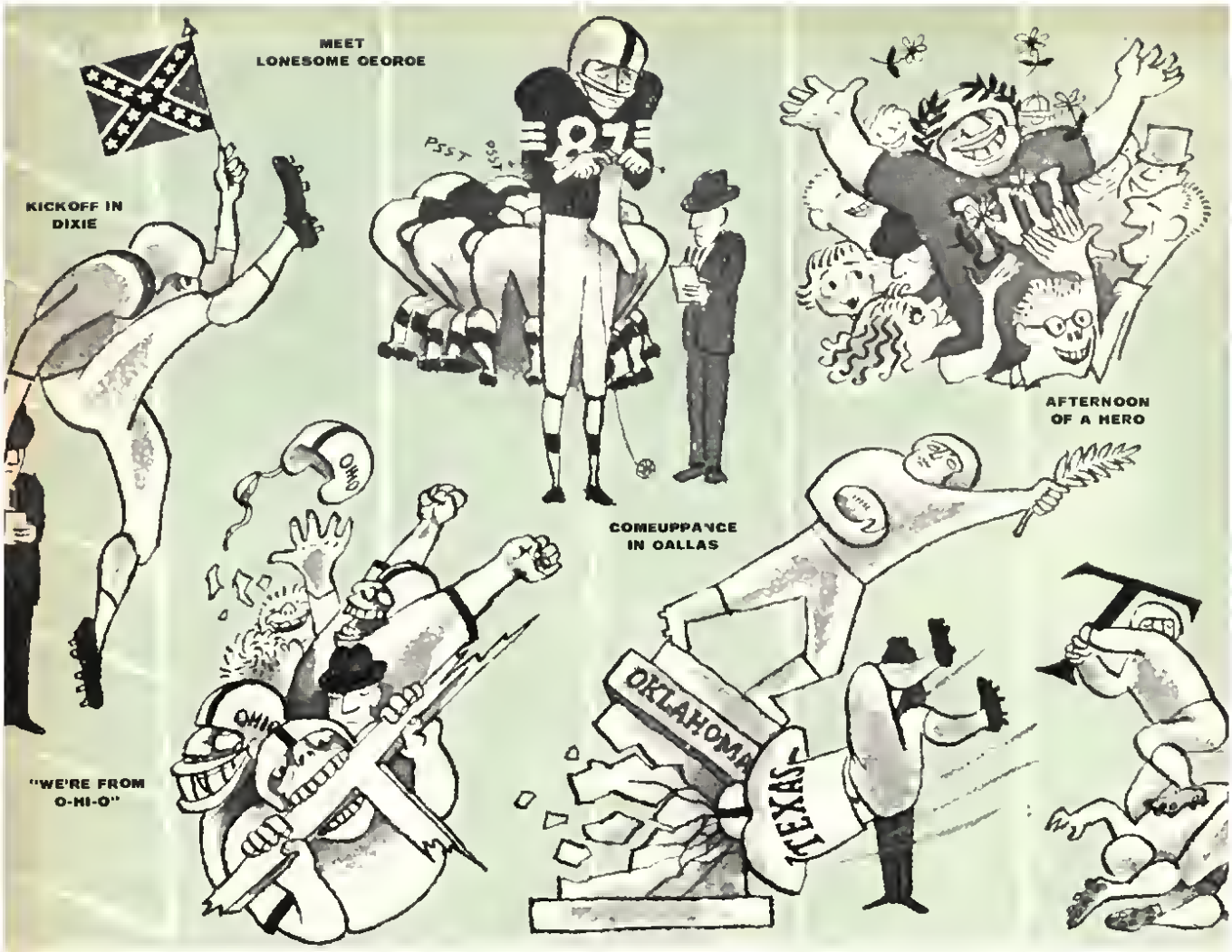


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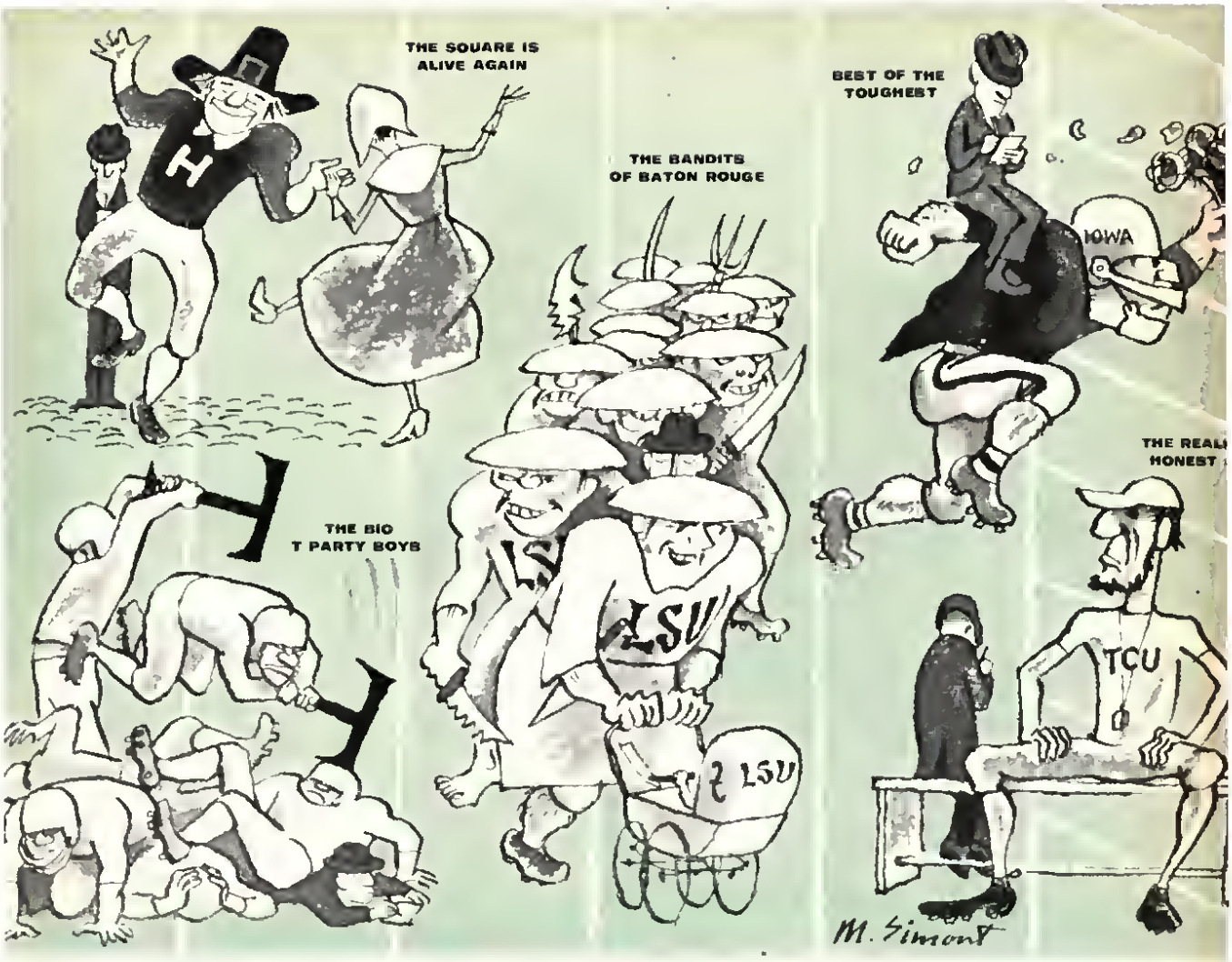
This magazine's peripatetic football reporter reviews the fun and trends he witnessed during 10 very lively weekends

by ROY TERRELL

NOT EVERY football season has the honor of wearing an exclamation point. Some just fade away, to be forgotten in the years. But there are others when one man or one team or one game . . . well, remember 1924 and you remember Red Grange. 1929? The year that Roy Riegels ran the wrong way in the Rose Bowl. 1934? An end named Don Hutson. In 1940 Stanford brought the T formation to college football, and 1944 was the year that Davis and Blanchard began to roll. If 1958 is to join the list, it will be because of Lonesome George, Army's exiled end.

Lonesome George—his real name is Bill Carpenter—is not so important in himself, although he is really quite a fine end. Teams have flanked ends before, although usually they are permitted occasional access to the huddle. But Carpenter is symbolic of Red Blaik's new Army offense, and the Army attack is, in turn, symbolic of a season. Before it was over, teams all across the nation were making college football a more exciting, more entertaining show than ever before.

In Army's opening game, played on a rainy, gloomy September afternoon at West Point, the Cadets completely abandoned their old conservative, driving style of play in favor of a wide-open, all-the-way sort of offense that overwhelmed well-regarded —and visibly startled—South Carolina 45-7. The Cadets deployed Lonesome George far out on the horizon, operated from a wing-T formation with an unbalanced line, sent halfbacks scurrying in motion in every



SEVEN-LEAGUE BOOTS WITNESSED THE KICKOFFS AND TOUCHDOWNS AND UPSETS OF A SEASON WITH A HEAVY RATION OF THRILLS

direction and threw a soggy football (28 times) all over Michie Stadium. Blaik's teams normally do not throw a football, even a dry one, that many times in half a dozen games. It was fun and Army won and before you could say Amos Alonzo Stagg, teams everywhere were doing the same thing.

Not that anyone was copying Blaik—although a few did produce a lonely end of their own. It was simply that nine-man lines and stunting, looping defenses and red-dogging linebackers and all the other complexities of modern defensive play had finally slowed the old pound-it-out attack to a stumbling walk. Coaches responded in the only possible way: they opened up their offenses to spread the defense, and college football began to be a thing of thrills and excitement once more. The 10 Saturdays whimsically indicated on the gridiron above represent a total of 460 points. Mervin Hyman, who compiled SPORTS ILLUSTRATED'S weekly college football roundup, saw 10 entirely different games and 429 points. The scoring alone wasn't important, for high-scoring games can often be dull as well as bad. But these games were frequently close, and the *way* the scoring was accomplished is what one remembers. It was fun.

It was also successful. The three best teams in the land—LSU, Iowa and Army—were all quick-striking, tremendously exciting ball clubs. So was Pittsburgh, whose Coach John Michelosen learned his football in the grind-'em-out days of Jock Sutherland; but this year he used as many split ends and flankers and double reverses as anyone. Coach Bud Wilkinson came up with some razzle-dazzle at Oklahoma, and even Auburn, after a couple of close ones, decided to exploit the forward pass, too. By the end of the season Woody Hayes at Ohio State was the only coach who was able to resist the trend, but he had had an All-America fullback named Bob White running behind a 230-pound line.

"The offense," says Coach Bobby Dodd of Georgia Tech, "has had to move into a new area of thought."

"We're all copycats," says Darrell Royal at Texas. "Everybody likes to copy success, and that's why these things run in cycles."

There is another reason for college football's new look, which only a few coaches and athletic directors dare hint at just yet. Competition from the pros. "College football is losing fans to the pros," says Moose Krause of Notre Dame, "and we have to make the game more appealing." Not all schools are affected, as Blaik points out, but those which must play in an area where professional football is also a contender for the entertainment dollar realize that they must meet the test.

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"The pros are doing it," says Dodd, "and the trend is to follow the pro game, which is drawing such fine audiences." Says Rip Miller, the assistant athletic director at Navy: "We're taking a lesson from the pros and we're going to compete with the pros. We're after that buck, too. We have to be realistic."

UNUSUAL BALANCE

If there was one other unusual characteristic of the '58 season, it revolved around the remarkable balance of teams all across the country. Only LSU, of all the major football colleges, went undefeated, and there were Saturdays when even Coach Paul Dietzel's young players got a hit of a fright from such as Mississippi State and Florida. Early in the season Oklahoma lost its customary invincibility to Texas on a delightfully crisp October afternoon in Dallas. Army was tied by Pitt and beat Rice only in the last minute of play. Iowa was tied by the surprising Air Force Academy squad and finally went under against Ohio State. Auburn was tied by Georgia Tech. And there were other games which now, with the help of hindsight, no longer appear to be the upsets they seemed at the time. Northwestern shattering Michigan 55–24, for example. Indiana beating Michigan State. Rice battering Texas 34–7. Any team, on any particular weekend, seemed capable of beating another.

"The game is taught better in the high schools," says Coach Duffy Daugherty of Michigan State, "and the kids are bigger and faster every year. The quality of football is constantly improving."

This egalitarianism was due in no small part to bed-rock foundations. Coach Ara Parseghian, at Northwestern, says, "Everyone is working at the job. The improvement among lower teams in the Big Ten is the result of hard work and hard recruiting." Darrell Royal feels the same way. "Coaching staffs," he says, "are improving all the time, primarily because of coaching schools, swapping movies, exchanging ideas and using larger staffs. We still have a few standouts at the top of the profession—but there's a slew of others now just a step behind."

Perhaps because of the added emphasis on passing and deception, the season was notable for outstanding

quarterbacks and ends. On the other hand, there seemed to be a real shortage of good fullbacks and tackles.

The player of the year, winner of the Maxwell and Heisman awards, was a long-legged blond halfback from West Point named Pete Dawkins. While not necessarily the *best* football player in the country—the other Army halfback, Bob Anderson, was quite likely superior in all-round play, as were Billy Austin of Rutgers and LSU's Billy Cannon—Dawkins was certainly the most exciting. He could do some things so very well and he had a habit of winning football games in spectacular fashion. Seldom has the cadet corps produced a finer all-round man than this athlete, student, musician and brigade commander.

Great quarterbacks seemed to be popping out of the cracks, and there were a dozen who appeared, on certain days, to be better than all the rest. But for sheer consistency of brilliance, none could match the day-in, day-out performance of Randy Duncan of Iowa, SMU's Don Meredith or California's Joe Kapp. Bob White of Ohio State was the No. 1 fullback and you couldn't miss in naming any one of a dozen ends: Jim Houston of Ohio State, Buddy Dial of Rice, Curt Merz of Iowa, Rich Kreitling of Illinois, Al Goldstein of North Carolina, Sam Williams of Michigan. The best lineman bad to be either Auburn's fabulous Guard Zeke Smith or Pitt's tough Guard John Guzik.

NO MUSICAL CHAIRS

It was a delightfully peaceful year for the coaches. Almost no one was fired, and the game of musical chairs, otherwise known as contract-jumping, seemed to be out of fashion after its long and popular 1957 run. Even the three major rules changes failed to produce the expected controversy.

The one-arm blocking rule, as it developed, didn't disturb anyone very much for the simple reason that officials seldom bothered to call it. The more liberal substitution clause was enthusiastically approved almost everywhere and led to 1958's most interesting bunch of kids: the Chinese Bandits at Louisiana State. Nothing more than third stringers, they were turned loose when Coach Dietzel discovered he didn't have enough big, tough players on his first two teams to match the opposition. Before the season was over, the

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THE SEASON'S LAST ROUNDUP

Herewith are final major-college individual and team statistics compiled by the National Collegiate Athletic Bureau, official keeper of the records for the NCAA.

THE LEADERS

SCORING	TD	CAT	PTS.
Dick Bass, COP	18	8	116
Bill Austin, Rutgers	16	10	106
Ron Burton, Northwestern	12	4	76

RUSHING	N	YDS.	AVG.
Dick Bass, COP	205	1,361	6.64
Bob White, Ohio State	218	859	3.94
Dwight Nichols, Iowa State	220	815	3.70

PASSING	A	C	PCT.	YDS.	TD
B. Humphrey, Baylor	195	112	.574	1,316	7
R. Hunsaker, Arizona	191	106	.555	1,129	5
R. Duncan, Iowa	172	101	.587	1,347	11

TOTAL OFFENSE	R	P	YDS.
Dick Bass, COP	1,361	79	1,440
Randy Duncan, Iowa	59	1,347	1,406
Buddy Humphrey, Baylor	75	1,316	1,391

CASS RECEIVING	C	YDS.	TD
Dave Hibbert, Arizona	61	606	4
Ulmo Randle, Virginia	74	642	5
Chris Burford, Stanford	45	493	2

CUNTING	P	AVG.
Bob Walden, Georgia	44	45.3
Boyd Dowler, Colorado	33	43.3
Don Coker, North Carolina	31	43.2

TOTAL TEAM OFFENSE	PLAYS	YDS.	GAME AVG.
Iowa	649	3,653	405.9
COP	657	3,804	380.4
Arizona State	694	3,795	379.5

TOTAL TEAM DEFENSE	PLAYS	YDS.	GAME AVG.
Auburn	521	1,575	157.5
Purdue	485	1,590	176.7
Army	561	1,643	182.6

CONSENSUS ALL-AMERICA

Based on teams selected by A.P., U.P.I., N.E.A., TIME, Look, *Wheaties, Brooklyn* Tablet, Extension Magazine, Together *magazine and Pittsburgh* Courier. *Numbers in parentheses indicate the order picked in the pro draft.*

POSITION	PLAYER AND SCHOOL	TEAMS
End	Buddy Dial, Rice (22)	5
End	Sam Williams, Michigan State*	3
Tackle	Ted Bates, Oregon State	4
Tackle	Brock Strom, Air Force	2
Tackle	Ron Luciano, Syracuse (36)	2
Tackle	Andy Cvercko, Northwestern	2
Guard	John Guzik, Pitt**	4
Guard	Zeke Smith, Auburn (48)	4
Center	Bob Harrison, Oklahoma (17)	4
Quarterback	Randy Duncan, Iowa (1)	5
Halfback	Billy Cannon, LSU***	6
Halfback	Pete Dawkins, Army	5
Fullback	N. Pietrosante, N. Dame (6)	4
Fullback	Bob White, Ohio State***	4

**Drafted by Los Angeles in 1956*
***Drafted by Los Angeles in 1957.*
****Ineligible for draft.*

THE PROS' ALL-AMERICA

Here are the college stars considered to be the best at their positions on the basis of the pro draft. Numbers in parentheses indicate order in which they were picked.

POSITION	PLAYER AND SCHOOL	TEAM
End	Rich Kreitling, Illinois (11)	Cleveland
End	Jerry Wilson, Auburn (14)	Chicago Cards
Tackle	Paul Dickson, Baylor (9)	Los Angeles
Tackle	J. D. Smith, Rice (15)	Philadelphia
Guard	Charles Horton, Baylor (18)	Detroit
Guard	Dick Schafrath, Ohio State (23)	Cleveland
Center	Dan James, Ohio State (8)	San Francisco
Quarterback	Randy Duncan, Iowa (1)	Green Bay
Halfback	Dick Bass, COP (2)	Los Angeles
Halfback	Don Clark, Ohio State (7)	Chicago Bears
Fullback	Nick Pietrosante, Notre Dame (6)	Detroit

THE UNBEATEN AND UNTIED

	W.	PTS.	OPP.
LSU	10	275	53
Arizona St. (Flagstaff)	10	264	61
St. Benedict's	10	203	93
Kearney (Neb.) State	9	389	42
Wheaton	9	357	70
Northeastern Oklahoma	9	282	69
Gustavus Adolphus	9	270	88
Mississippi Southern	9	266	83
Chadron	9	246	70
Sewanee	8	285	28
Missouri Valley	8	285	83
Rose Poly	8	270	31
Rochester	8	257	19
California (Pa.)	8	202	31

Bandits were almost as famous as Lonesome George himself.

As for the new conversion rule, allowing two extra points for a successful run or pass, there seems to be some difference of opinion.

"Maybe it added to spectator interest," says Duffy Daugherty, "but it sure didn't eliminate tie games. We had our first tie game since 1948."

"It had less influence than I expected," says Dodd. "We tried one and our opposition tried one and neither had any effect on the result."

"Teams tried for two points early in the season," says Michelosen, "then went back to kicking the single point."

And Royal, an outspoken foe of the rule since its inception because he felt it would put added pressure on the coach, now has to admit that it didn't quite work out that way.

No season is perfect, of course, and there are minor complaints about this one. If the new offensive tactics are to receive any assistance from the rules makers, even more liberal substitutions is undoubtedly needed, perhaps a complete return to two-platoon football. It might also be fun to put those goal posts up on the goal line. "We can't follow the pro game," says Bobby Dodd, "unless they let us play by pro rules."

It would also be pleasant to see the Pacific Coast Conference—or the various remnants of it—smooth out its differences and organize a sensible, representative intercollegiate football league on the West Coast. If the Ivy League is going to continue to play Navy and Syracuse and Penn State—and Rutgers and Buffalo—then the Ivies should be allowed to hold spring training, as every coach in the conference annually recommends. Army should be allowed to play in bowl games. Navy and the Air Force do.

There was a growing and unhappy trend among many players to disregard the sort of respect they should instinctively give to officials; and many otherwise excellent coaches, forgetting their responsibility to young pupils, were allowing them to get away with these displays of bad manners on the field.

But then, maybe you wouldn't want a season in which everyone was happy. Otherwise there wouldn't be anything to argue about until the next September. END



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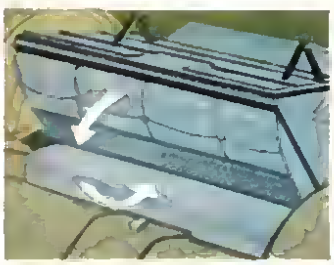
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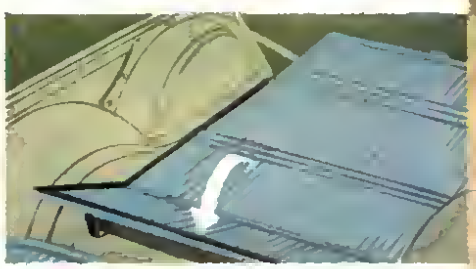
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RACING OF IMMATURE 2-YEAR-OLDS IN THE WINTER SPRINTS CONTRIBUTES TO CURRENT HEAVY INJURY AND RETIREMENT RATE

HORSE RACING / *Whitney Tower*

Sport first, business second

That's the way it must be if racing is to stay healthy, as the brilliant 1958 season has again convincingly proved

In contrast to the simplified racing calendar in vogue 35 years ago—when even the most enterprising stables packed off for a winter on the farm because there was no race track worthy of their attention until New York reopened in the spring—the modern Thoroughbred racing season knows neither beginning nor conclusion. It has become a year-round operation of tremendous magnitude and permanent importance to millions of people, from the wealthiest owners to the unsuspecting tots in communities where taxes from racing provide financial support to bolster educational programs.

Racing nonetheless does have a sort of tapering-off period each year before attention can seriously be focused on the major winter events in Florida and California; and this is a good moment to devote some reflection to the problems and trends of the most popular paid spectator sport in the United States.

It is easy to think back on the 1958 season and exclaim with smugness that it has been a great year. True, attendance and mutuel handle were down in some areas, but the dip usually was negligible and could, more often than not, be directly related to some phase or other of the country's general 1958 recession. It can certainly be said that 1958 had its full share of racing excitement and thrills: the colorful antics of Silky Sullivan, the mastery of Tim Tam and Neji, the successful cross-country jaunts of Round Table, the hopeless confusion at the Laurel International and the prospect that in First Landing we may have another great American champion to carry on the tradition of Count Fleet, Citation, Native Dancer and Tom Fool.

Nevertheless, racing, the matured sport and the thriving business, has reached a treacherous crossroad; it could easily make a wrong turn, and will, unless there emerges very soon a more spontaneous sense of responsibility on the part of the people who run it.

Racing was a sport long before it ever became a business, and fortunately, thanks to the minority of sportsmen still operating in positions of influence, there is still sport left—but not enough. If business ever gets completely the upper hand, it will be a sad day for many of us, and perhaps also for the businessmen.

A group of men who substantially share responsibility for the future of racing met last week in San Francisco to exchange ideas. As representatives of the 41 member tracks in the Thoroughbred Racing Association, they took a hard look at a series of problems ranging from basic management (how beneficial, for example, is valet parking?) to the ethics of the sport and the professional qualifications of top officials empowered with jurisdiction over its conduct. This 17th convention was the most successful of all TRA meetings, if only because mutual back-patting was abandoned in favor of ardent discussion of racing's shortcomings and ways of repairing them.

A hot topic was the excessive early racing of 2-year-olds. A lot of these youngsters (who years ago wouldn't have raced until at least midsummer of their 2-year-old season) are campaigning strenuously through January, February and March; often, for

continued



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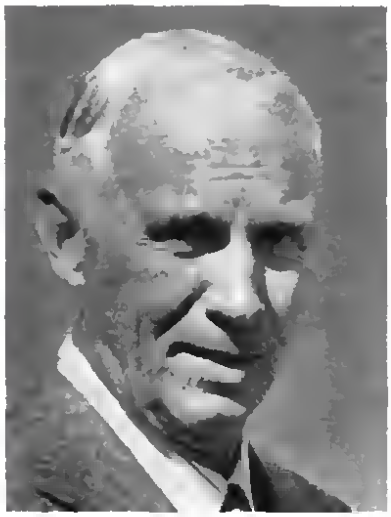
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the sake of winning a comparatively meaningless $15,000 stake at three furlongs they can kill off whatever chance they might have had to develop into more rewarding colts later in the season. The cold business approach of many an owner and trainer to this problem is that a $15,000 winning purse in February (when there is less competition than in August and September) looks just as nice on a bank statement as $15,000 won anyhow—or anywhere—in the fall. And besides, as many are quick to point out, although the big-name stables can afford to wait with their young stock, today's average owner is operating in a field where ever-increasing costs make it almost mandatory for him to "get out" on his investment with as quick a return as possible. Nevertheless, the San Francisco conference considered legislation against early 2-year-old racing, and it is to be hoped the discussion was not purely academic.

American racing, in the tradition of the English sport on which it was patterned, used to place clear and rightful emphasis on "classical" 3-year-old stakes: the Kentucky Derby, Preakness, Belmont and the Travers. The following season a horse could further prove himself by entering stakes such as The Suburban, The Brooklyn and The Jockey Club Gold Cup. It mattered little or not at all whether he was successful as a 2-year-old, for it was generally understood that during this period of his life he was merely readying himself for the more productive years ahead. If he showed adequate form he was brought to the races first at Saratoga in August and then might be given a crack at The Belmont Futurity in September. If not he was kept away from competition entirely, as are many of the Calumet 2-year-olds even today, and given more time to prepare for the 3-year-old season, which is the big one in a Thoroughbred's career.

But today racing quite wrongly emphasizes the importance of a 2-year-old season by offering such inflated purses that few owners—including the remnants of the old guard of sportsmen—feel they can pass up such enticing opportunities. Distorted thinking has led many an owner to believe that a financially successful 2-year-old must be a pretty good horse. His monetary reward often even helps to ease the pain when the following year the colt either breaks down or turns out to be quite ordinary, if that.



JOCKEY CLUB Head George Widener says *Derby is run too early for 3-year-olds*, also opposes races worth over $100,000.

The competitive inflation of purses, for older horses as well as 2-year-olds means overwork, which in turn means injury. A list of horses which have broken down this year reads like a roll call of our great or might-have-been-greats: Tim Tam, Cavan, Bold Ruler, Gallant Man. . . .

If our Triple Crown is to have lasting significance, it would make more sense to limit purses of some of our lesser races and specifically those preceding the Kentucky Derby. At last summer's Jockey Club Round Table Conference in Saratoga, Jockey Club Chairman George D. Widener went on record as saying he disapproved of any race having a value of more than $100,000.

A MAJOR SWITCH

A logical reform would be to rearrange the dates and running order of our Triple Crown races. The Kentucky Derby, traditionally run on the first Saturday in May, should be run following the Preakness, which is a sixteenth of a mile shorter. It makes more sense to train a horse up to the mile-and-three-sixteenths Preakness distance in early May than to attempt to bring him to peak form to run a mile and a quarter. Thus, if the Preakness could be held first, the Derby could follow at an interval of two or three weeks. And the Belmont? Why not, say a number of influential New York racing officials, run the Belmont (at a mile and a half) in the fall rather than immediately after a



HANDICAPPER Jimmy Kilroe sees merit in realignment of Triple Crown races by changing Belmont Stakes to the fall.



PUBLISHER Sam Perlman's idea would be to keep 2-year-olds from racing until they reach full age of 24 months.

good proportion of 3-year-olds have succumbed to the inevitable ills and ailments that accompany a tough spring campaign and two of the Triple Crown events? Speaking on this subject shortly after the most recent Belmont Stakes, in which the champion Tim Tam bowed out of his racing career for good, New York Racing Secretary Jimmy Kilroe said: "The Belmont would then (if moved back to the fall) be sort of a counterpart of the English St. Leger, rather than the Epsom Derby, and it might be more of a championship test as it would get all the new 3-year-olds who, for one reason or another, couldn't make the spring races, as well as the survivors of those stakes after they have had time to be freshened."

Racing in this country today is conducted, for the most part, by men of integrity who want to build their sport up and clear it of any old smudges left over from the days when its conduct was always suspect—and often rightly so. Problems affecting everyone in the sport are discussed and settled with a minimum of discord. Some solutions will not be found at one sitting: of prime concern to everyone in racing today, for example, is the imminent danger that there may soon be a shortage of top jockeys. The child labor laws have restricted the employment of young stable hands, and fewer exercise boys are industrious enough to qualify as hopeful apprentice riders.

As healthy as the sport-business of racing is at the moment, it can ill afford to relax. This is an enterprise big enough and mature enough to be totally adult about its problems. When the administration of New York City recently began talking about the legalizing of off-course betting to gain additional revenue, racing's top brass exploded in nervous indignation. It was not until a week or so later—after *The New York Times* had run an intelligent survey of off-course betting in other countries—that many racing officials began to grasp the problem. The system, after all, does work in some places. When such a proposal comes up to confront racing it is racing's duty to give it thorough scrutiny instead of lapsing into outmoded and unnecessary defensiveness. A week or so ago there was an investigation of New York race track pari-mutuel clerks in connection with labor employment practices. This was certainly no reflection on the conduct of the racing itself at Jamaica, the track then in operation. And yet the track hastily saw fit to treat the investigation with such defensive humility that by the time some of the press had given it bold suspicious headlines it was inevitable that a large segment of the public was unnecessarily aroused over thoughts of possible racing "fixes," stimulations and other such hanky-panky. Does the president of a bank have to tell the public that his tellers are all hard-working honest men just because he finds out his secretary got her job through the brother-in-law of the retired night watchman?

A bank is too respectable for that. And racing is both too respectable and too big for it. **END**



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BASKETBALL / *Jeremiah Tax*

The Generals have gone amateur

Under a controversial new athletic policy Washington & Lee has its first nonscholarship basketball team. Results are surprising



NEW LOOK IN W&L athletics is epitomized by Coach Bob McHenry and his amateurs. From left are Frank

IN the hoopla surrounding the opening of the college basketball season last week, little attention was focused on a game played in a small gym in Lexington, Va. before an audience of only 500. Even the final score excited few people outside the state of Virginia, though probably the longest-odds team anywhere in the nation that night had apparently put on a remarkable performance. The team was Washington and Lee, the first group of "amateur" Generals since the school dropped athletic subsidization in 1954. Last spring, the few remaining bolders of athletic scholarships had been graduated, and W&L, rich in traditions going back to 1749, looked apprehensively to its athletic fortunes. As is often the case, an appreciation of the past illuminates these current events.

George Washington still contributes $12 toward the education of every student at Washington and Lee. The money comes from the earnings of 100 shares of stock in the James River Navigation Company, which Washington gave to the school, then called Liberty Hall Academy, in 1796. Grateful trustees promptly changed its name to Washington College. More than half a century later, after General Robert E. Lee had served as president, his name was added and the school became a university.

Today, a statue of Washington, carved out of a single pine log and thickly crusted with layers of white paint, stands atop W&L's oldest building and faces, across campus, the simple, sedate exterior of Lee Chapel, designed and built by the general also as a gift to the school. Inside the chapel, where Lee and his family are buried, is the famous recumbent marble statue of Lee, flanked by Confederate battle flags—still the goal of thousands of tourists.

For these and other visitors there is much else to please the eye on this picture-book campus tucked into a hilly, wooded corner of Virginia's lush Shenandoah Valley. It is a friendly place; the stranger is greeted warmly by students and faculty alike as he strolls the ancient brick walks—a custom which once brought the school a million-dollar endowment and a new gymnasium. In the early 1920s, a tourist from the North was so impressed with the courtesy shown him that he willed this sum and provisions for a fine athletic plant.

MANY SCHOOLS NOW BIGGER

If only because of age, W&L has acquired its host of social and academic traditions—not the least of which is a record of sports rivalry with other southern schools that goes back to the origins of intercollegiate competition. Many of these schools, the universities of Virginia, Tennessee and Kentucky, for example, have long since outgrown W&L in both size and athletic prowess. Lee Chapel will still accommodate nearly the whole student body (all male and less than 1,000), and W&L has never enlarged its scope beyond that of encompassing the liberal arts. There came, inevitably, that summer day in 1954 when W&L's trustees were forced to make a decision about athletic policy; they did, and students, alumni and faculty have been debating it heatedly ever since. The decision to drop subsidization meant, simply, no more scholarships and competition that would eliminate most, if not all, traditional rivals while including others closer to the size and athletic ambitions of W&L. It will be a few more years before all schedules reflect this search for a new level, but meanwhile insistent voices and petitions condemning the policy continue to bombard W&L's trustees.

Dr. William M. Hinton, chairman of W&L's athletic committee, professor of psychology and education, a rabid and knowledgeable sports fan, explains the administration's position thus: "I'm a W&L man myself, class of '29, and I've been on the campus practically ever since. No one is prouder of our athletic traditions. But it had been apparent for years that we could no longer compete on our past level, except at serious cost both academically and financially. The competition for good athletes had grown to the point where, if you wanted to play in our league, you had to accept some boys who were poor academic risks. At the same time, you were subsidizing boys who were poor or average students, and were unable



Surface, John Kirk, Malcolm Lassman, Gene Girard, McHenry and Phil Palmer.

to offer help to top-grade students. Each year the cost grew bigger. Football got all the money it needed, and the minor sports had to be content with splitting up the rest, often less than enough for adequate equipment. We can't draw large, paying crowds from the Lexington area, so we were playing away from bome, putting on a show for strangers instead of our own people. Some friends of mine say we ought to drop intercollegiate competition altogether. I can't agree. I like to see those good-looking, hard-nose boys who want to play football and basketball and lacrosse walking around our campus. They add something important to your student body. And we'll continue to get them. This year 80 boys turned out for football, more than ever before, even under subsidization. And we darn near beat Sewanee, a good single-wing team. All we need is a few wins in a few sports and this furor will die down. When I was a student, we were already baving trouble in football, but we had a fine wrestling team. And our attitude was—if we couldn't beat the Wahoos in football, we could at least wring their necks."

ALUMNI STILL PROTEST

These views have thus far failed to win over a substantial number of influential alumni groups and at least a majority of the undergraduates, all of whom find it hard to accept such names as Sewanee, Wittenberg and Centre on W&L sports schedules. The prevailing view of this opposition is that a limited number of athletic scholarships would still enable the school to compete against the Virginias, VPIs and Richmonds. Probably the trustees are the realists. Today, no school that offers 20 athletic scholarships can compete successfully for long with another that offers 100. This involves no judgment of the morality of athletic scholarships but a recognition of the open-market bidding for athletes of all kinds.

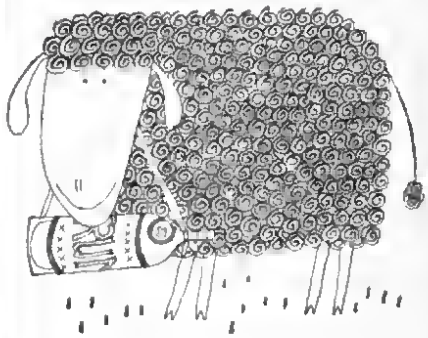
Nevertheless, when the Generals opened their basketball season last week with the very first all-amateur team, still playing a Southern Conference schedule, the overwhelming undergraduate sentiment was that W&L's athletic traditions were being disgraced and that the players, disgruntled themselves, would fail to arouse any school spirit. True enough, the team, to a man, was in favor of some program of athletic scholarships, especially (understandably) for basketball men. On the other hand, their coach—crew-cut, earnest Bob McHenry, only 24 years old and himself an amateur starting his first season—could honestly say he was for the amateur program: "Under subsidization, I wouldn't be the coach."

Well, neither McHenry nor his players disgraced anyone. They faced a strong William and Mary team, composed almost wholly of scholarship men, three of whom were inches taller than W&L's biggest player, and they were conceded little chance to put on even a reasonably close game. But McHenry had scouted William and Mary well and was able to use his boys with maximum strategic effect.

In the final analysis, however, it was the very quality they were supposed neither to have nor evoke—spirit—that proved their greatest asset. They hustled endlessly, actually rebounded on even terms with William and Mary despite the vast difference in height. Under the sure hand of Mal Lassman, their attack was relentless and intelligent, rarely losing the ball through amateurish errors.

At the end of regular time, the score was 52 all. At the end of the first five-minute overtime period, it was 56 all. They lost, finally, 63–60, never having abandoned their poise, and to student cheers such as have seldom greeted winning W&L teams. Rather than disgracing, they surely enhanced a proud tradition.

George Washington, it appears, invested that stock wisely. **END**



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TRAVEL / *Photographed by John G. Zimmerman*

Winter haven at land's end

On Baja California's sun-seared coast a new hotel and promise of a mixed bag of game are now attracting both hunters and anglers



HOLIDAY HUNTERS. Charles Jones, president of Richfield Oil (*left*), and C. R. Smith, head of American Airlines (*right*), set out after doves with their host, Abelardo Rodriguez.

BELOW the Mexican border town of Tijuana, the ragged mountains and scorched mesas of the great peninsula of Baja California stretch southward for 750 miles and finally end abruptly in curving beaches that are forever scoured by eddies and tides of the Pacific. Though for over 40 years the land has been courted by sportsmen, it still remains a spectacular wilderness, a stronghold of timelessness and isolation. Today there is still no railroad nor any good motor road down Baja California, but now by air from the border the traveler can reach the town of La Paz near the peninsula tip in four hours. And beyond La Paz, it is now only 20 minutes more by air to the end of the peninsula, where a new, small hotel called Las Cruces Palmilla overlooks the scalloped coast pictured on the opposite page.

In the rough, sere hills of Baja California the visitor can exhaust himself thoroughly hunting deer or, in contrast, he can bag dove or quail with ease. At Las Cruces Palmilla the fisherman has only to look at the roving strings of pelicans over the shallows and see billfish breaking out of the deep water to know the value of the place.

Las Cruces Palmilla was designed and is managed by a onetime high-living, hard-flying test pilot named Abelardo Rodriguez, who operates his present business on the premise that a hotel must suit its guests, and the guests, equally, must suit the hotel. Any visitor who sullies the easy life at Las Cruces Palmilla with too much big-city high pressure may find himself *persona non grata* and a candidate for the unofficial "drop dead" list. "To me," Rodriguez has said, "a hotel must be more than a business. It should be a way of life."

CONTINUED







Las Cruces Palmilla, a hotel of Spanish colonial design, sits on a rocky head at the broad junction of the Pacific and Gulf of California.



In front of the hotel a sun area and pool beckon to guests who do not care to test themselves in the surf along the natural beach just beyond.

In the spangled light of early evening, Mrs. William Cooper of Palos Verdes, Calif. wades out into the Pacific surf at the foot of the hotel.

CONTINUED



As their skipper heads his boat back toward port, three contented fishermen from Las Cruces Palmilla bask in the low winter sun that glances off the flat Pacific.

A bounty of billfish

At Las Cruces Palmilla, hunters are amazed at the abundance of game in the seemingly barren land. In the hills just behind the hotel, the hunter need only kick at the clumps of mesquite to flush coveys of quail (the kicker, however, should be well shod, for the brush also supports rattlers). In the blue Pacific, the skin-diver quite often comes upon the rare large, golden cabrilla that by its sheer brilliance can shame all the smaller, multicolored fish that flirt with the rocks and the rolling sea. Of all the game that lies just barely hidden in the dry hills or below the water surface, it is the abundance of billfish, like the thrashing Pacific sailfish pictured opposite, that draws visitors to the land's end of Baja California.

The billfish grounds extending from La Paz past Las Cruces Palmilla are particularly good for casual anglers and out-and-out duffers. On a fair day, a man who misses three straight strikes can be sure that before the boat heads back toward the hills he will see another bill, and another and another, poke through the water's surface to whack at the bait. By and large, apart from some slackening off in late fall and early winter, there is good action off Las Cruces the year round. Biologists cannot wholly explain the constancy and abundance of fish off the end of the peninsula, but they have some of the answers. The large tides in the Gulf of California and eddies curling off ocean currents keep the water moving. The force of the earth's rotation and the winds blowing seaward tend to remove warmer surface water and promote upwelling of rich, cold water that in turn promotes all kinds of marine life that culminates, for the sportsman at least, in a rich harvest of jumping fish. **END**





MOTOR SPORTS / *Kenneth Rudeen*

Twin triumph for Lance

Reventlow on Friday, Reventlow on Sunday—that was the story in Nassau

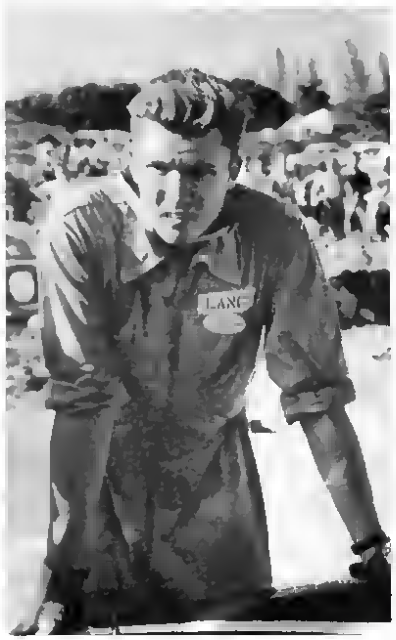
WHEN a man goes about evicting the succulent conch from its hard shell on the picturesque fishermen's dock at Nassau, first city of the Bahama Islands, he raps the shell smartly with a hammer or machete and then adroitly teases the slippery gray critter out with the blade of a knife. This is easily done.

When Lance Reventlow and his heads-up crew set out last week to part Nassau from its most important sports car racing trophies they went about it with much the same kind of easy assurance. That they were able to anticipate success was fairly surprising. For one thing, the United States is supposed to be light-years behind Europe in the building of road racing cars. For another, Reventlow is only 22 and, although spectacularly well heeled (being the son of Barbara Hutton), he is hardly an old racing hand. Furthermore, his personally designed Scarab sports cars are less than a year old.

Even so, for Reventlow and Co. the opposition was only average, several cuts below the quality of past fields in Nassau's speed week. This was true of both drivers and cars. Established stars like Britain's Stirling Moss and the Americans, Phil Hill and Masten Gregory, sat this one out. Two other potentially fast Americans, Carroll Shelby and Jim Rathmann, had so much mechanical trouble in the early part of Nassau'a week that they could be counted on for only one of Nassau's two major events: the featured 252-mile Nassau Trophy Race on Sunday. Nevertheless, the Reventlow team knew it would have at least respectable opposition in Friday's 112.5-mile Governor's Cup event: the 4.5-liter Maserati of Illinois' Ed Crawford, the 3.9-liter Aston Martin of Massachusetts' George Constantine, the venerable but powerful 4.9-liter Ferrari of California's Bruce Kessler and the 3-liter Ferrari of Mexico's Pedro Rodriguez (this last won the world-famous 24-hour race at Le Mans, France) Pedro's little brother Ricardo, 16, a sensational performer in his Nassau debut last year, returned with a Porsche Spyder. Big and little cars both were lumped together in the field of 33.

Reventlow, who took two of his three 5.5-liter fuel-injection Scarabs to Nassau, was understandably eager to see them excel, since two Scarabs would be offered for sale after the Nassau events. Reventlow planned to concentrate then on the building of a new Formula I car for international Grand Prix racing. He would have been in the thick of the sports car championship season abroad this year if a new engine ceiling of three liters had not been ordered after the big-engined Scarabs were already abuilding.

The beautifully finished metallic blue Scarabs, driven by Reventlow and his chief aide, 35-year-old Chuck Daigh, were paired at the head of the field for the start of Friday's race. At the flag, they roared briskly out onto the 4.5-mile airport course, and after one lap it was obvious that they outclassed their pursuers. Before he retired with a broken half shaft while in the lead on the fourth lap, Daigh had gone 12 seconds ahead of Reventlow, who held the third-place car of George Constantine safe. Reventlow thereupon steadily widened his lead over Constantine and won the race by more than a minute (after the Aston Martin made a quick pit stop) at an average speed of 88.642 mph.



MILLIONAIRE LANCE REVENTLOW at 22 has brought the U.S. to a pinnacle of prestige in international sports car racing.

"I think," said Daigh, a square-rigged, green-eyed man with a gift for understatement, "that we can run with anything here." Opponents were not heartened by the news that Reventlow had finished the race minus a third gear. Back at the shop to help mend the damage (he is a first-rate mechanic), Daigh had the look of a man who expected to open a particularly large and juicy conch on Sunday. "The blacktop out there is a little rough and the coral in it is hard on tires, but we should be able to get by with one pit stop. You know, some of the cars here have more peak horsepower than we do. We're pulling about 360. But I think we have a better power curve. We get good torque all the way up through the gears. Some of the others can go a little faster when they get wound up, but we get there first."

Get there first they did in the big race—but the hard way. Reventlow pulled into the pits to have his car's hood tightened after just one lap, and Daigh's car was out for good after three laps with half-shaft trouble.

Racing again, Reventlow found himself a half minute behind Carroll Shelby's leading Maserati. For 15 laps Shelby held on, although Reventlow, driving very well, gained steadily. The Scarab came through in the lead after 16 laps as Shelby limped in with a badly worn tire. He could not get started again, and the Scarab had no further challenge. Reventlow gave his seat to Daigh during a pit stop halfway through ("I told Charley he could have my car if his car popped"), and Daigh cakewalked on to victory, with Pedro Rodriguez a distant second. The average speed of the winning Reventlow car was 87.549 mph. Anybody want to buy a Scarab? **END**


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FOOD / *Mary Frost Mabon*

General Gaylord makes a soufflé

A prominent executive and student of fine cooking shares some top kitchen secrets



CRITICAL STEP in preparing the soufflé is beating the egg whites to exact stiffness.

SOUFFLES," said the general, "are simply a problem in physics; it takes a certain amount of expanding air to lift a given amount of weight."

In the role of schoolmaster for the moment was General Bradley Gaylord, distinguished soldier in two world wars, currently chairman of the board of the Madison Fund, cutthroat practitioner of a racy version of English croquet (pronounced "croaky") to which he has drawn numerous addicts among neighbors on Cape Cod and the winter resort island of Antigua, B.W.I., and—not least among a variegation of accomplishments in a world of large affairs—amateur chef extraordinary.

Long interested in culinary matters, Gaylord a few years ago got acquainted with André Surmain, owner of Epicure Kitchens and president of a gourmet society called Ambassadeurs du Bien Mangers, who at that time ran a cooking school in New York. The two men became friends and the general took lessons from the Epicurean. It is to this teacher that Gaylord today credits his secrets for making successful soufflés.

In the munificently equipped kitchen of his charming house in Chatham, Mass., the general expounded to me on the subject while demonstrating the approved Surmain procedure step by step as he prepared the lordly concoction shown on the facing page. Shock troops in support of the operation—a tricky one requiring instant decisions and firm commands—were Mrs. Gaylord and their pretty daughter Barbara.

Every soufflé begins with a base, explained the general, usually no more than a white sauce of butter, flour and either milk or broth, to which is added the beaten yolks of eggs and whatever material may be chosen to give the soufflé its character, sweet or savory (such as chocolate, fruit purée, spinach, mushrooms, etc.). Then the whites of eggs, an elastic substance that forms thousands of tiny air bubbles when beaten, are whipped to just the right stiffness and folded into the mixture. Now when the whole thing is put in the oven and baked the air bubbles that are trapped in those beaten egg whites, expanding with the heat, will lift the soufflé to form the shape and consistency desired.

Photographs by Jerry Cooke

Here are the general's special tips:

To get the proper "lift," use more egg whites than yolks. As a rule, the proportion should be five whites to four yolks. In separating one from the other, remember that some egg white in the yolks will do no damage, but the least speck of yolk in the whites can be disastrous.

Yolks of eggs can be beaten in any bowl with a rotary beater, but whites of eggs should be beaten with a whisk in a glass, china or copper bowl. (Silver, aluminum or other metal bowls cannot substitute.) Too often soufflés are ruined by overbeating the whites; they should be beaten only until a glob taken up on the whisk stands in a peak that just topples over (*see photograph above*).

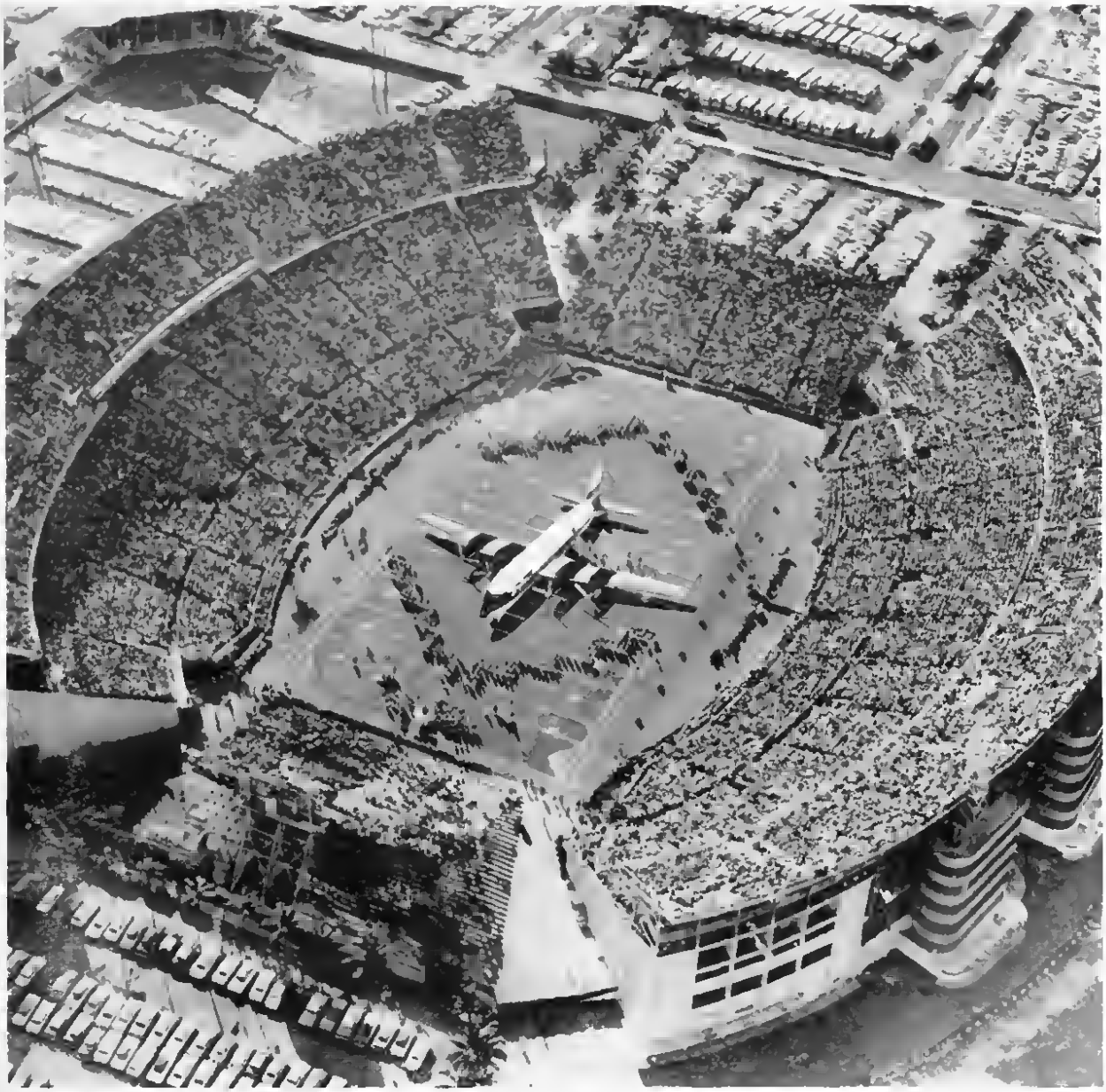
Most recipes advise the cook, after preparing the white sauce base and adding egg yolks, to let this mixture cool before adding the beaten egg whites. That direction is absolutely wrong, according to Gaylord. The mixture should be *still warm* when the beaten egg whites are folded in.

Special equipment recommended by Gaylord includes—for beating the egg whites—the French wire whisk he is shown manipulating above and the 12-inch hemisphere-shaped copper bowl called, with functional exactitude, a *bol à blancs*, both of which can be bought at the Bazar Français, 666 Sixth Avenue, New York City. Also, for a cloudlike folding-together of materials, a wooden spatula. And here let the general take over in his own words:

"To fold a soufflé together, I shove the beaten whites in the bowl to one side, slip the still-warm white-sauce-yolk mixture into this space and with the wooden spatula gently fold the heavy part onto the light part. Holding the bowl facing inward, I scoop *down* from the back of the bowl straight toward me, turning the mixture over on itself. I rotate the bowl slightly between each scoop, and stop after completing one full circle.

"Then I pour the whole into an unbuttered dish, filling it level. I run a thumb around the top, a half inch or so in from the edge of the dish, to make a groove in the surface of the mix; this helps form the 'hat' of the

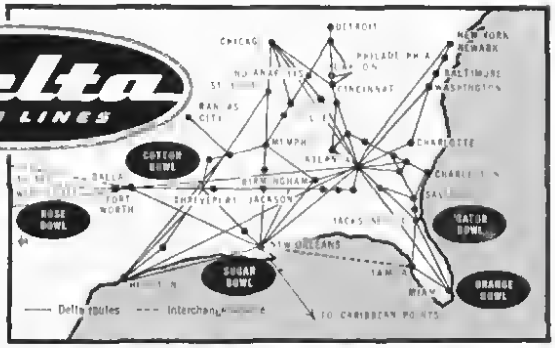
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soufflé. I place the dish on the lowest rack in a preheated oven, as it is important to have the heat come from below. Oven time depends entirely on the size of the soufflé. A dish about six inches in diameter for two to four persons should be done at 375° for 20 minutes. An eight-inch-diameter dish for six persons should be cooked at 375° for 30 to 35 minutes. By opening the oven door *quietly*, I can peek at a soufflé while it is cooking without causing it to fall. When the time is almost up, I can test it by slipping a straw into the soufflé; the straw should come out damp, not soggy.

"The French like a soufflé a bit runny inside, or *bareaux*, as they call it. The English do a firmer soufflé by a slower method—perhaps 50 minutes at 325°— and this is easier for some soufflé beginners. I know that most of you soufflé beginners like the white, straight-sided French dishes; I use any Pyrex or other good baking dish."

To any soufflé beginner who has come this far with the lesson, the general's recipe given below should present no problems.

Apricot and almond soufflé

Serves six

First prepare a thick white sauce as the soufflé base. The general does this in a very heavy copper saucepan, but a beginner should use a double boiler. Melt 6 tablespoons butter, then stir in 6 tablespoons flour till smooth. Cook for a few minutes, then gradually whisk in 2 cups warmed milk and ½ teaspoon salt. Cook until thick, then add ½ cup sugar and also—stirring madly—1½ cups of good apricot jam that has been put through a coarse sieve, plus ½ cup blanched slivered almonds, measured coarsely chopped. Remove pan immediately from fire and set aside to cool slightly while whipping the yolks of 8 eggs with a rotary beater until lemon-colored. Fold yolks into the warm white sauce mixture. Beat 10 whites of eggs as directed above to proper consistency; fold together with the yolk mixture, as directed, and fill an 8-inch-diameter baking dish. Cook 30 to 35 minutes in a preheated 375° oven. If desired, when baking is almost finished, reach into the oven to sprinkle "hat" of the soufflé with powdered sugar from a shaker.

[I enjoyed this most served with whipped cream to which a little powdered sugar and a strong flavoring of Grand Marnier had been added.] **END**



BONNIE PRUDDEN / *Fitness*

Exercise at a new angle

50

Holidays got you down? Try a new view of things and get in shape upside down

If the holidays have turned your world upside down, perhaps you can get one up on the situation by turning *yourself* upside down. Certainly, participation in some form of exercise will reduce that hectic feeling that often overtakes one at this time of year and will help keep you in shape to cope with the season's shopping and festivities. To get the most out of this exercise, do it as slowly as possible. After you have become expert, omit the legs-apart position and go directly to legs-together.



Grasp ropes at shoulder level. Kick feet up in front as you curl your body into a tight, knee-bent ball. Slide feet up ropes.

When you think you are in balance, bring the legs together. Tighten seat, abdominal muscles. Return by curling into ball.



SKIING / *Ezra Bowen*

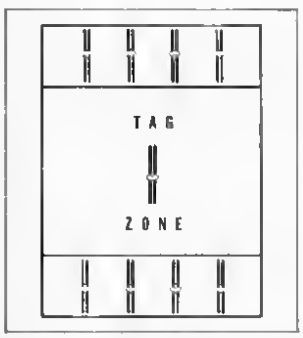
SHORT CUT TO THE SHORTSWING

Willy Schaeffler introduces a class of youngsters to the fun-and-games way of learning the fundamentals of skiing

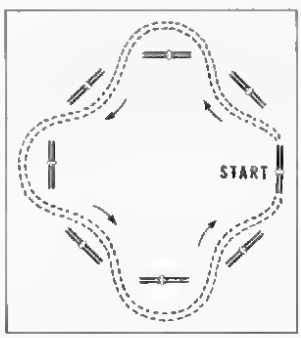
Photographs by Margaret Durrance



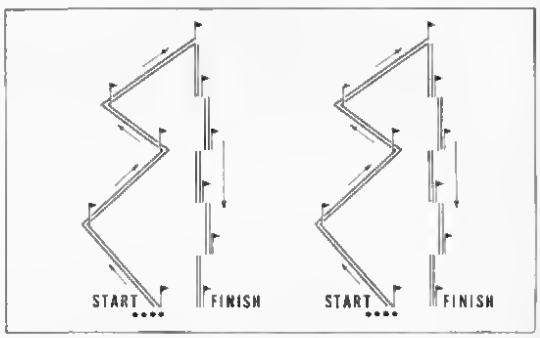
SCHOOL STARTS with game of tag that helps pupils to forget natural self-consciousness of beginners as they flounder after each other. Here, Schaeffler's son Bill reaches out to tag Pat Jump of Georgetown, Colo., while (*from left*) Lester Johnson dodges toward the camera, Marilyn Ganong slips around behind Pat and Tim Reichwein (*right, rear*) scurries toward far boundary.



TAG GAME shown above begins with class divided, instructor in tag zone in the middle. At a signal, pupils try to run across tag zone without being caught.



SQUARE DANCE, with skiers standing in a circle while one pupil after another weaves in and out among his classmates, is exercise in direction change.



RELAY RACE, with class split into two groups of four (*see dots next to starting lines*), teaches skiers to make sharp changes in direction as they zigzag toward halfway mark, then becomes balance exercise when racers hop from one track to another on the way back to the finish line.

A YEAR AGO on these pages, Willy Schaeffler, coach of Denver University's crack ski team, head of the ski school at Arapahoe Basin, Colo. and Director of Ski Events for the 1960 Olympics, introduced the revolutionary shortswing to America's recreational skiers. Now Willy is back with another skiing revolution, this one a new method of teaching, aimed at beginners. Starting with the scrambling game of tag shown at left, Willy takes a class of youngsters, age 8 to 11, through a series of games and exercises that painlessly inject the fundamentals every skier should have before he undertakes the simplest traverse or turn. Heretofore, a novice's first day in ski school has usually been a clumsy and/or a discouraging experience. Drawn up in a line with a dozen other self-conscious beginners, he is pushed off in a stiff snowplow before he has mastered the simple art of getting up from the inevitable fall. In the lessons below, however, Willy shows how every novice, by using both the terrain and his own instincts, can cut down the awkward stage and move quickly to his first run on the big mountain.



BASIC WALKING STEP is shown by Schaeffler, who uses long forward stride plus powerful push with poles and upward swing of arms to get glide and rhythm into movements. Struggling manfully to keep up, Lester Johnson, 10, copies Willy's long stride, but misses with pole action, pushing with both poles at same time instead of using left pole with right foot and vice versa, like Willy.



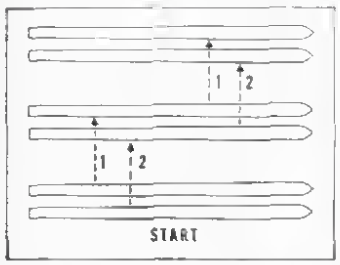
WARMUP EXERCISES literally keep pupils warm near end of two-hour lesson. On cold days, and particularly at high-altitude resorts like Arapahoe Basin, Colo., where these pictures were taken, beginners tire quickly, suffer from cold fingers and toes. Arm-swinging, toe-touching and jumping-jack exercises help to restore circulation, make last part of the lesson fun rather than frosty torture.



SHORT TOUR winds up first lesson. All exercises shown thus far are done on level ground. First downhill runs come on next page, but on tour, instructor should take class on uneven terrain so pupils will get feeling of gliding on gentlest slopes without having to worry about correct downhill position. On tour, they also get off manicured practice slope, learn to handle unpacked snow.

continued

FIRST TIME UP THE HILL





SIDESTEP is easiest way to get up hill. Above, Willy shows Pat Jump, Tim Reichwein and Danny Johnson how to climb, stepping up and to the side with the uphill ski, then bringing downhill ski alongside before starting the next step (*see diagram*). For first climb, Willy picks a gentle slope with level platform or resting place at top where class can easily start first downhill run



STARTING DOWN for the first time, Willy tells Danny to touch his boots, thus keeping weight over the skis and counteracting beginner's tendency to fall over backward when skis first start to move



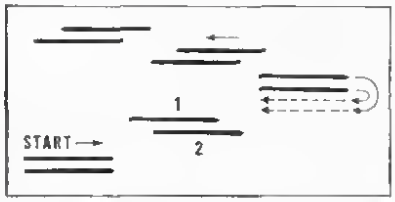
LOW BRIDGE by Danny Johnson and tight squeeze (*right*) by Marilyn Ganong are good games to get pupils to use down and up movements of knees and ankles they will need later on in bumpy terrain and difficult snow. Other games, such as throwing down a mitten and picking it up, lifting one ski or tossing up ski poles while making slow downhill run improve beginner's balance, help get his mind off skis so that he moves more naturally over the snow



KICK-TURN AND DOWNHILL POSITION



TRYING KICK-TURN on level ground, Lester heads for trouble as butt of ski hits snow too soon. Kick-turn is much easier to do on slope than on level, should always be started with downhill ski.



HALF SIDESTEP with kick-turn is best way to climb long hill. Below, Schaeffler shows correct sequence for turn.





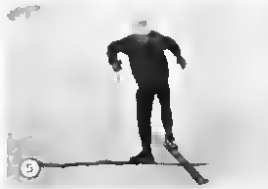
STARTING KICK-TURN (1), Willy plants poles uphill, three to four feet apart and two feet from skis. Then he kicks (2)





. . . downhill leg up, swings tip up and back (3), leaning on poles for support. With the skis parallel but now heading

. . . in opposite directions (4) he shifts weight to lower ski, swings other one around (5), heads in new direction (6).



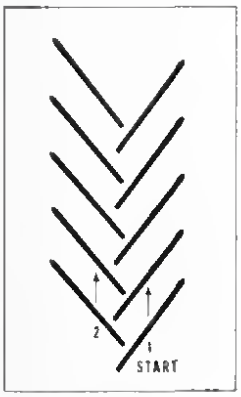


STANDING ON SLOPE. Willy shows pupils how to plant poles in front to keep skis from slipping. By placing poles so, class automatically gets into correct downhill stance, with upper body relaxed, knees flexed, body leaning forward slightly. In this position weight will stay over skis without need of bending to touch boots as shown in first downhill exercise on the opposite page.



CONTINUED

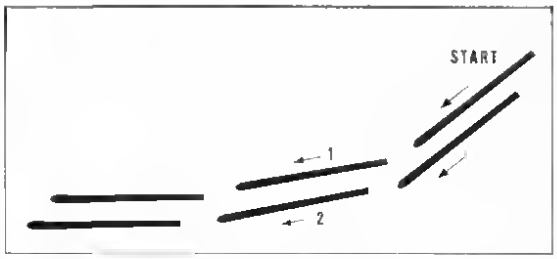
LAST STEP TO THE COMMA





HERRINGBONE is most difficult of uphill steps for novices to learn, but is good way to move quickly up gradual incline. Starting out, Willy spreads tips of skis, puts weight on inside edges, leans well forward and uses powerful pole push to keep skis from slipping backward and crossing. With practice, skier can almost run up if slope is not too steep or snow too deep.





STEPPING INTO SLOPE (*left*) is the beginner's way of checking speed on first attempt at making a traverse. Using the simple change-of-direction step learned in relay race on first page, Willy shows Smokey Anderson, 11, bow to angle across the hill in a fairly steep traverse, then step-step-step back toward the slope, lifting uphill ski first each time (*see diagram*) until he comes to a stop with the skis perpendicular to the fall line, *i.e.*, line of steepest descent.

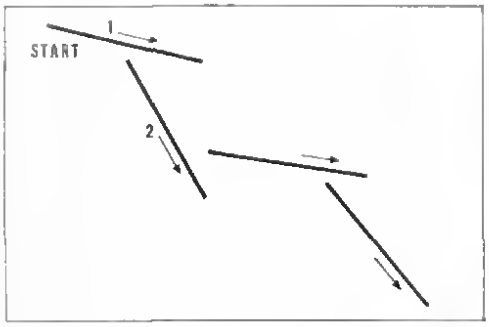
TUMBLING down practice slope in purposeful fall, Willy shows the class how to roll after header so that skis will be resting downhill from body, in the best position for getting up again (*see top of next page*).





GETTING UP from fall shown at bottom of opposite page, Willy puts both poles together, bends knees to get boots beneath his body. Next he spreads hands to grip poles at top and bottom, then sticks points into snow on uphill side next to hip. From this position, by leaning forward and thrusting with poles, he can rise to his feet with little effort.

SKATING on skis duplicates thrust and glide of similar action on ice, helps beginners learn balance and coordination. Novices should start skating near end of gentle downhill run while skis are still moving forward. Begin by shifting weight to left ski. Then push off from inside edge of left ski and shift weight to right ski. Stay on right ski as long as possible, then push back to left. At first, grip poles in middle and use exaggerated arm swing as shown by Schaeffler and Lester Johnson to help with lift and rhythm.





READY FOR MOUNTAIN. Willy leads class in comma position, basic point of departure for all advanced maneuvers. In teaching children, use maximum demonstration, minimum conversation, since small fry can imitate better than they can understand.







Tip from the Top

JIM TURNESA, *Elmsford, N.Y.*

The center of the club face

ANYONE who has played golf seriously over a period of years (and has worked during that time to develop a sound swing and groove it) inevitably learns a tremendous lot about technique. This often can become a burden rather than a help. A golfer soon knows more about technique than he can ever hope to apply. His head can hold only so much. He cannot work on 10 things at one time without doing nine of them badly or, at any rate, less well than he might if he could concentrate all his attention on each of them—which he can't. I think the best way for any golfer to find his way out of the woods of overknowledge is to select one or two key parts of the swing which, if he executes them right, automatically insure that he will execute the other tied-in movements correctly.

Now, in this connection, the prime thing I concentrate on doing on the downswing is try to hit the ball in the center of the club face. There is nothing subtle or "inside" about this, I realize full well, and mayhe that is its best recommendation. Simply working to hit the ball squarely with the middle of the face, I find, effects several important things. It smooths out the swing. It eliminates your doing a lot of things in the impact area you shouldn't do. It puts you into a position where you take your turf naturally with your irons. It bolsters your ability to stay down and over the ball as you come into it and strike it. I think of none of those things, consciously. I think only of trying to hit the ball in the middle of the club face, and they are the results of this.



NEXT WEEK: *Peggy Kirk Bell on where the natural athlete goes wrong*

GOLF / *Barry Burn*

On and off the fairways

The lady pros: star for the new year, poll for the old

THE chipper young beauty on the right, 26-year-old Barbara Romack, is one of two reasons why the Ladies' Professional Golf Association can greet the 1959 season with real enthusiasm. This pretty blonde, who has won the Canadian Women's Open and the U.S. Women's Amateur, turned professional last month and will join the ladies' circuit in January.

Miss Romack sways her shapely physique (5 feet 4 inches, 110 pounds) with sufficient zest to average 225 yards off the tee and, in joining the tour, will contribute a jolt of sex appeal where it can do the most good.

"She's a colorful person and will be a great addition," says LPGA President Marilynn Smith. "Besides, she's a good *golfer*."

The other reason why LPGA members can look forward to the new year with a cheerful skip and whistle is that they will be competing for a record $200,000 in prize money over a program of 30 tournaments. This means the girls will be doing much better than they did in the past year, and they have every intention of doing even better in 1960.

The 15 leading money winners for the complete 1958 season are listed below, as are the final leaders in strokes-per-round averages. Also included below is a special SPORTS ILLUSTRATED poll of 21 top women professionals, rating each other's abilities at various phases of the game. If the poll reveals nothing else, it proves that a woman is always a woman, even with a golf club in her hands. Beverly Hanson finished a clear first in both money won and strokes per round, but the sewing circle sort of sniffed and ignored her. Of 16 categories, Bev was rated among the best in only one. Of course, she took "most unappreciated" hands down. END



SMILING BARBARA STARTS PRO CAREER

The best at each phase of the game

A poll of the lady players themselves, with votes received

Longest driver	WRIGHT (20½), W. SMITH (½)	Best out of traps	BERG (13 5/6), FAULK (2⅓)
Most accurate driver	SUGGS (9), BERG (5½)	Best long putter	HAGGE (6), BERG (4)
Best fairway wood hitter	BERG (7), SUGGS (5)	Best 4-to-6 foot putter	HAGGE (9⅓), FAULK (4½)
Best long-iron hitter	CROCKER (12½), WRIGHT (6½)	Best in the wind	PUNG (10), CROCKER (4½)
Best middle-iron hitter	JAMESON (4), HANSON, BERG (3)	Best under pressure	SUGGS (9 5/6), CROCKER (4 1/6)
Best short-iron hitter	JAMESON (4), 5 tied with 3 votes	Best strategist	SUGGS (5 11/12), BERG (4¼)
Best chipper	HAGGE (6½), FAULK (5½)	Biggest gambler	HAGGE (9), W. SMITH (7)
Best out of the rough	RAWLS (8), DODD (4)	Most conservative	BERG (9½), FAULK (5)

The final leaders for 1958

MONEY WINNINGS		WIFFI SMITH	$7,870
BEVERLY HANSON	$12,640	BETSY RAWLS	7,600
MARLENE HAGGE	11,890	MARY LENA FAULK	7,290
LOUISE SUGGS	11,862	MARILYNN SMITH	6,672
MICKEY WRIGHT	11,776	KATHY CORNELIUS	6,152
FAY CROCKER	11,671	BONNIE RANDOLPH	6,030
JACKIE PUNG	8,494	JOYCE ZISKE	5,694
PATTY BERG	8,014	RUTH JESSEN	5,017

STROKES-PER-ROUND AVGS.		WIFFI SMITH	76.05
BEVERLY HANSON	74.92	JACKIE PUNG	76.14
MARLENE HAGGE	75.01	KATRY CORNELIUS	76.47
MICKEY WRIGHT	76.03	MARILYNN SMITH	76.71
LOUISE SUGGS	75.10	BONNIE RANDOLPH	76.73
PATTY BERG	76.16	BETTY JAMESON	76.77
FAY CROCKER	76.49	MARY LENA FAULK	76.94
BETSY RAWLS	76.81	JOYCE ZISKE	76.98



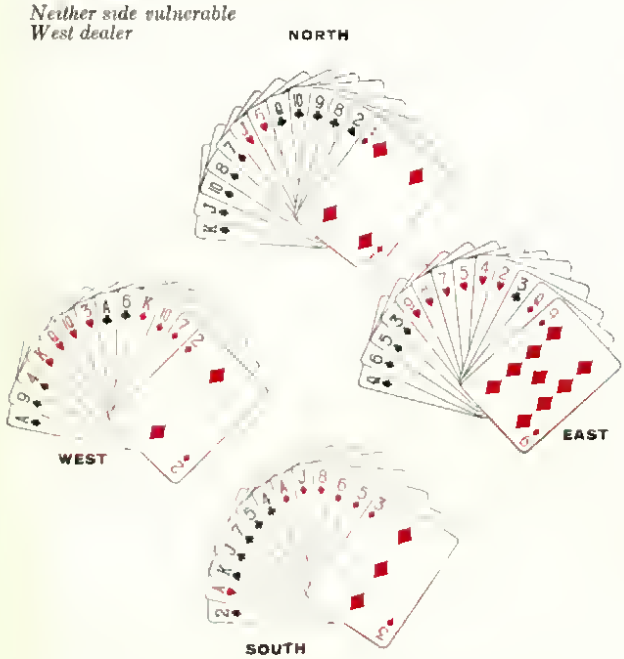
CHARLES GOREN / *Cards*

Meet the team: CHARLES J. SOLOMON

From time to time between now and the world bridge championships in February, Mr. Goren will introduce various members of the contesting U.S. and Italian teams. This article on the U.S. team captain is the first of the series.

IF YOU are surprised that we begin with a man who will not actually play, you are underestimating the importance of the captain's role in international bridge. Lack of team discipline has been one of the reasons for our four consecutive defeats at the hands of Europe's champions. Until now, the nonplaying captaincy has been an honorary job, but this year the captain will exercise greater power. In the hands of a player with a background of personal experience such as this Philadelphian, who was an active member of our 1956 international team, the supervision of team training and selection of the partnerships should be of tremendous help to our chances. Here's an example of Solomon's partnership judgment from last month's Bermuda tournament.

Neither side vulnerable
West dealer



WEST	NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
1 NO TRUMP	PASS	2♥	2 NO TRUMP
3♥	5♠	PASS	PASS
DOUBLE	PASS	PASS	PASS

In this deal Solomon held the North hand. He was partnered by his wife Peggy, with whom he captured two of the Bermuda events. They are, without question, the most successful husband-and-wife pair ever to play in U.S. tournaments—Exhibit A for the affirmative whenever bridge experts debate the question "Should husband and wife play as partners?" Few partnerships of any kind can match the Solomons' record for long duration or for successful results. The reason, as it must be in any successful partnership, is that each accepts full responsibility for his side of the table.

The entire story of this deal lies in the bidding. First came South's bid of two no trump—obviously "unusual" since West had opened with a no-trump bid and therefore clearly a call for North to choose between the two minor suits.

When the bidding came to North, he never considered mentioning his stronger spade suit. Partner had asked for a minor. Furthermore, he took all the strain off South by bidding not merely four clubs but five.

It is instructive to follow the reasoning that lay behind this two-way bid. South's unusual no-trump almost certainly was based on a hand of at least five cards in each minor. From the opponents' bidding, it was reasonable to expect that South would be very short in hearts. North's spade king behind the no-trump bidder promised a maximum of one loser in spades if North-South played the hand. His singleton in diamonds was a perfect fit with South's second suit. And he held not four clubs (or even three, as might have been the case) but five.

Finally—and this was the consideration that made five clubs a two-way bid—if South didn't have the two aces that would insure making five clubs, East and West would probably have a fine play for game at hearts and the five-club bid would be a paying sacrifice.

There was nothing to the play. East opened a spade. West won and played ace and another trump to try to cut down the power of the cross-ruff, but North was sure to make his contract whether he elected to establish the spades or the diamonds.

EXTRA TRICK

Whenever you are responding to a take-out double, make the bid that will take the strain off partner. Even if you sometimes overbid slightly by making a jump response, you will show a profit in the end on the hands where partner can pass your nonjump response instead of risking a dangerous chance-giving raise. **END**

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THINKER ON HORSEBACK

His athletic credo of thought before action has made Billy Steinkraus one of the world's great horsemen

by ALICE HIGGINS



ON a tense Saturday night in Toronto, Canada last month, 13 competitors from five nations awaited the final class of the last of the international competitions at the Royal Winter Fair. At stake was the individual riding championship; among the contenders was 33-year-old William Clark Steinkraus, captain of the U.S. Equestrian Team. Wearing an expression somewhere between solemnity and downright dejection, he entered the ring on Ksar d'Esprit and with the utmost deliberation made his salute. Then, coolly and carefully—with any feeling of drama, any hint of difficulty meticulously disguised—he started the big gray on its round. For most of the paying audience his style, unflamboyant, calculated, based, like that of classical painting, on a unity achieved by the harmony of individual parts, represented new depths in drab perfection. For many of the horsemen watching, however, it reached new heights in elegant mastery. Furthermore, it got results: Billy Steinkraus won the individual championship.

In doing so, Steinkraus defeated another leading proponent of the school of colorless brilliance: Germany's Hans Günther Winkler, whose outstanding team of riders only a week before had expressed their admiration of Billy's skill by presenting him with a special trophy they brought over with them. Like Winkler, Steinkraus eschews color in favor of control as the surest means of gaining the ultimate victory. Applause offers him no nourishment; he is sustained by his own sure knowledge of the course, which he carefully measures out beforehand in even strides. Thus, even when he wins, a certain theatrical edge seems lacking in the triumph. But whatever the impression, and Steinkraus professes not to care, it is a resounding triumph of reason over emotion and of one part of Billy Steinkraus over another.

This Steinkraus dichotomy has, naturally enough, its exterior reflections. As a rider he draws high praise from fellow horsemen, but within that same circle he is also a figure of fierce controversy—and sometimes, of course, the target of jealous attack. Yet he is not a man who actively makes enemies. He feels rather that it is just not important to make explanations—or friends.

At times Steinkraus can be as touchy as Greta Garbo about his privacy; at others, in a burst of sociability, he will talk with clinical logic and at great length on his pet subjects (horses and music), leaving his listener, according to his own interests, reeling with admiration or glazed with boredom. As a result Billy's nicknames are almost as numerous as his triumphs. He is variously referred to as The Brain, The Riding IBM Machine, The Pure-thought Rider or The Equestrian Egghead.

"Billy," said an old acquaintance

not long ago, "is said to be the world's most articulate athlete. Well, he was trying to explain the various mathematical solutions of a certain Prize of Nations course to me the other day, and all *I* can say is, when he disappears into that mental forest of his, he's harder to track than the Abominable Snowman." Says another: "Billy is a genius like Edison or Bell. And you know all those geniuses are sort of screwballs."

A lifelong acquaintance believes, however, that Billy is at heart a social worker, albeit an equestrian one: "Billy thinks every horse can be turned into a 'useful citizen' no matter how spoiled. I guess that's true if anyone wants to work with a horse as long and hard as Billy will—but most don't have Billy's talents or beliefs."

In another age, an age where both the hero and the scholar were ideals, Steinkraus would have caused no comment, but today the fusion of intellectual and athlete has become more rare. Billy, aware of the puzzle he poses, recently spoke for himself.

"This nerveless legend that has grown up about me is false," he said. "I'm basically a very high-strung person, and I've had to learn a lot of control to avoid communicating my anxieties to the horse. I don't believe in communicating *any* kind of emotion to a horse. There is an old saying," he continued, "about throwing your heart over the fence and the horse will follow . . . and a lot of people believe it and even get occasional results. Well, I'm not a heart-over-the-fence man. I think you should *know* the capabilities of your horse and yourself, then you can *often* expect to get what you ask. However, I have immunized myself to disappointment, so I never expect complete success." He ran his hand nervously through his hair. "Often, before I go into the ring, well-wishers say, 'Go in there and win, Billy!' thinking somehow that if one wants to win badly enough the rider can *will* the horse to do more than he is capable of. But with all the will in the world it cannot be done.

"Even though the 'feelers'—the heart-over-the-fence riders — get results, there is another side to that too. For example, an intellectual concert violinist can play music he really thinks is trash with brilliance and conviction; and I can ride a horse I *hate* and that won't show either."

What decided Billy on his course, why he divided the world into those whose accomplishments are directed either by their hearts or their heads, "thinkers or feelers," is still a subject of speculation among his friends, because as a youngster he was, without giving it a thought, a "feeler."

As a child in Westport, Conn., where his father Herman had moved the family from Cleveland after becoming president of Bridgeport Brass Co., Inc., Billy, the youngest offspring and only son, felt, as so many children do, a wild love for horses. Even though he was encouraged by no more than an occasional pony ride at the local track, Billy had all the winners of the major races in England and America memorized and had read every book on riding that he could find. Then, when he was 9 years old, his dreams came true: he was sent to a summer camp in Canada where he rode a horse for the first time.

"I started taking riding lessons and violin lessons more or less simultaneously," Billy recalls, "and one of the many things I learned from playing the violin that I also apply to riding is: Practice the things that are hard for you. Analyze why something is difficult, then work until it is not."

For Billy, the combination of natural ability developed by hard work paid rich and rapid dividends. He won a blue in a beginners' class at his first horse show in 1935, and in six years reached the apex in horsemanship by winning both the Good Hands and the Maclay classes at Madison Square Garden. In fact, it was the fitting climax of a great year for Billy; in 1940 he had won some 5 championships and was undefeated in bareback competition. Newspapers called him the "boy wonder."

BILLY was very good," recalls one of his instructors. "Only one kid in a hundred could have ridden some of the horses he did. But he got a lot of those first places because he was such a happy-go-lucky kid with a big smile on his face. The women judges couldn't resist him."

This was the last year, however, that the horse show world saw Billy Steinkraus as a happy-go-lucky kid. At 16, when he entered Yale, he was already adopting the character of serious reserve which dominates him today. The U.S. was in World War II and, when he reached his 18th birthday, Steinkraus volunteered for the cavalry. He was barely in time. The mounted troops were abolished shortly after Billy's class graduated, but even so he was shipped to India, complete with boots, spurs, saddle and violin, to await horses that never came. His regiment was converted into infantry, so with his fiddle strapped on his pack Billy started marching, into Burma and behind the Japanese lines. When the regiment emerged at Kunming, China, it had four battle stars, and Sergeant Steinkraus had nothing to do.

Fearful of being assigned to a pre-Burma officer whom he detested, Billy looked around Kunming for a way to make himself indispensable. He found it. "In eight days' time," he remembers happily, "I made myself the world's leading expert on lend-lease to China and was assigned to supply headquarters."

The war ended, for Billy, in a time of comparative ease. He was playing Bach's *Double Violin Concerto* in Kunming with a friend when the Japanese surrender was announced. Shortly after, he was transferred to Shanghai, where he galloped Mongolian ponies at the race track and worked out a mathematical table of expenses for his officers to present to some visiting Pentagon brass. When he was awarded the Bronze Star for services above and beyond the call of duty, he had enough points for a discharge.

Billy went back to Yale as an English major, back to showing horses and, as a sideline, played the viola with the Connecticut Symphony Orchestra. While still a student he spent the summer of 1948 in Europe and came home with two new projects: an embryo collection of antiquarian music (which led him in turn to take up bookbinding) and, as a result of seeing the equestrian Olympics, some new thoughts on riding.

"I started thinking about teaching methods and learning," he said. "Most people are inclined to accept anything that *is*. In fact, this is the greatest age of unquestioning acceptance since the Middle Ages. If a certain method of teaching has got results it is used indiscriminately on everyone without analyzing if it fits the needs of that particular individual. I remember when I started playing the violin—I thought I sounded

continued

awful. Well, I was right. I *was* awful. Later I understood why. My fiddle kept sliding around my chin so I kept hitting wrong notes. What I needed was a shoulder rest. But my teacher, who was built differently, did not, so he thought they were useless. The horse world, too, is full of such misconceptions and truisms. People generally accept them without question.

"Actually," Billy went on, his thoughts reverting to riding, "the theory of riding a horse is a lot like pitching ball. A natural athlete like, say, Dizzy Dean, can rely on power, strength and instinct. But take a pitcher like Sal Maglie—he was great because he could change his pace, had enormous control and was able to analyze the batter, to think. Well, riding is like that. If you don't have one of those rare horses that can jump almost anything from almost any position, you then have to analyze the horse's strong and weak points and learn how to make the most of them. It's like working with people: if you want to exploit a person's talents you don't do it by using his weak points."

Fired with his new theories, Billy, just as he had when he was a child, started reading everything he could find about international jumping. In the meantime, after his graduation in January 1949, he took a job with a concert management agency and also took on the showing of a horse named Trader Bedford. The combination was memorable—in 1951 Bedford was horse of the year. At about this same time an announcement was made that future Olympic equestrian teams would be composed of amateur civilian riders, so Billy borrowed a horse and went to the trials. In 1951 he made the team as the alternate rider, and at the Toronto show, third on the schedule, Billy Steinkraus was officially representing the U.S. for the first time. He has ridden on every team but one ever since.

"Actually," said Billy, "riding on the team isn't a completely enviable situation. I'm getting a bad reputation for leaving jobs, I haven't much bank account and will have even less after the 1960 Games. But when you have a chance to represent your country, you don't ask if it is going to be difficult or awkward, but only, How can I make it possible?"

STEINKRAUS, having made it possible, has settled into a life that satisfies his dual hero-scholar nature. It is a life filled mainly with solitary pursuits: riding, playing the violin, reading and writing. At the USET training grounds at Tryon, N.C. last spring, he was given the guest cottage on the grounds of a well-to-do horseman, to the undoubted relief of his fellow teammates who found that the sound of the violin or typewriter can be tedious in the night hours. When I visited him at the cottage, which was as neat as the display window in a furniture store, I found Billy padding around in stocking feet, flicking ashes off the table, putting records on the phonograph, serving up instant coffee and sorting through his mail.

Excusing himself, Billy opened the first of his letters; it was from his mother and bulged with clips from British and American newspapers. A

HAPPY MOMENTS FROM HORSEMAN'S SCRAPBOOK



BILLY WITH THE HUNT, WINTER 1937



HORSEMANSHIP WINNER AT OX RIOGE, 1939



HORSELESS CAVALRYMAN, INDIA, 1944



JUMPING TWEEDLEDUM AT FAIRFIELD, 1937



RECEIVING KING GEORGE V TROPHY FROM ELIZABETH II, 1956

depth perception test engrossed him for several minutes until the phone rang. It was a long-distance call from a publisher, wondering how soon he could expect Steinkraus's editing of a new book on the science of jumping. "I'm so far behind schedule that I feel guilty every time the phone rings or the mail comes," Billy remarked after he had finished. "I've got myself overcommitted. But I really enjoy writing. You know, back when I was still in high school and riding in horsemanship classes, I used to write a weekly column for *The Chronicle* under the pseudonym Proctor Knott. It was supposed to be the sage observations of a seasoned horseman. It was two years before my identity was discovered, but in the meantime I had a lot of fun lacing into some of my competitors.

"After the Helsinki Games," he continued, "I met a man named Arnold Bernhard at a cocktail party. He put out a weekly, *The Value Line Investment Survey*. He said he was looking for someone with an analytical mind and, since I thought I had one, I went to work for him as a securities analyst. I had to write projections on certain stocks and I was good at it. I left there with the title of senior analyst to ride in the 1956 Olympics. But I really would like to find time to write some articles or maybe a book on music—I collect first editions and I find it extremely interesting to note how differently the music is played nowadays—the editors have changed it to conform to the taste of the times."

The phone rang again. It was an invitation to dinner later in the week. After a pause, Billy accepted. "I think maybe I was rude to them last week, so I'd better make amends," he said. "Most of the time my rudeness is completely unintentional. It's not that I'm antisocial, but every time I go out, then something is not done. By the time I work four or five horses a day, practice the violin for a few hours, work on some articles I've promised, *and* write some letters and try to keep up with my reading, there isn't much time left."

He opened another letter; it was from a young fan announcing that he had named his newly acquired parakeet Billy Steinkraus. Billy looked pleased and somewhat surprised. "I'm always startled when I get fan letters," he said. "I always think each one is going to be unique."

He walked to the table and picked up the last of his letters. It was from Japan, a rice-paper strip covered with ideographs; a Western-style sheet covered with typing was enclosed. The typewritten sheet was labeled: "Translation."

"I wish to say thank you," the writer concluded after several paragraphs of halting praise, "for your giving me your picture which to me personally has more worth than the picture of your President Eisenhower.

"P.S. The writting paper I used is the problemed one which our former Prime Minister Yoshida used when he made a speech at your country and your people misunderstood it as the toilet paper. And this writting paper is used these days in Japan very seldom occassion."

"Well," said Billy, somewhat nonplused, "I wonder just what he has against Eisenhower."

THIS FALL, on a rainy evening, relaxed before the fire in his parents' Westport, Conn., home, Billy Steinkraus spoke in an introspective vein of his own performance in the ring. "Occasionally," he said, "I wish I could ride blindly, act instinctively—it would be so much easier." He patted the sleeping collie on the sofa at his side. "I'm still convinced that for any consistency of performance, particularly in international competition, the only answer for me is training and control." He stared into his glass of Scotch. "By control, of course, I don't mean just the horse for, in order to achieve that, as I've said before, the rider must have complete control of himself. I remember when I was a child, I had a very bad temper—probably the result of being the youngest and most indulged. But when I was in my teens I spent a lot of time around a horseman with an even more ungovernable temper than I. Seeing the results of those rages on both people and horses taught me such a lesson that I set out to learn how to handle mine. The result is now that it is almost impossible for me to lose it—to really have a temper fit."

He brushed some dog hair off his sleeve and reached for the Macadamia nuts on the coffee table. "I've always been able to get along with animals," he said, "and in particular with temperamental or nutty horses. I can make them enjoy what they are doing. All horses are neurotic and riding them is a question of finding or correcting their reaction to false stimuli. Then one must build up a mutual trust."

Taffy, the collie on the couch, thumped her tail and Billy looked up. His mother, with another collie on a leash, came in, smiled her greetings and, patting Taffy, said, "Ruth is home, so as soon as I take care of the cats, we'll have dinner. Billy, will you see about the wine?"

A short time later that part of the Steinkraus family then in Westport (Mr. Steinkraus, a former president of the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, was out of town on a business trip, and the elder daughter Marjorie in Paris) assembled at the table. The two collies and a cat came too.

"How are the horses working, dear?" inquired his mother as Billy poured the wine. "Are they ready?"

Billy, never one to be blinded by the rosy side of things, permitted himself to be cautiously optimistic.

"We're in good shape," he said, helping himself to the roast beef being passed by the maid, "but we *are* in a kind of ironic position. In aiming for the Olympics, we developed a first-rate European-type team, as this summer proved. Now we are indoors and facing different conditions, which has meant retraining the horses to a certain extent."

A growling and snarling broke forth from beneath the table. "Fences and courses," Billy went on unperturbed, "should be so constructed as to test both the ability and the training of the horse." The growling rose in volume. "We don't do that well enough in America. In the big European events and in the Olympics there is every kind of test—verticals, horizontals, combinations, tight turns, long distances." The growls reached a crescendo and the table shook. Billy put down his napkin, continuing his dissertation without pause. "There isn't any time to correct a mistake between obstacles." He reached under the table and came out with a dog. "There your procedure must be well thought out in advance." He pushed the reluctant dog through the kitchen door and returned to the table, still talking. "That is why it is so important to walk a course and to translate it into the number of strides the horse will need." He reached under the table and collared the other dog. "I measure my own stride from time to time just to be sure I'm not taking a longer or shorter step, as a check on my calculations." He pushed the second collie into the living room. The cat took advantage

continued

of the commotion to jump from the window to the table. "After that, it is largely up to the rider." He picked up his napkin and sat down. "If the horse is willing, and Lord knows he is an extremely generous animal, often more than people deserve—" he caught sight of the cat at the end of the table and said "Shame!" Whereupon the cat retreated to the window —"and if he is able, and by that I mean *placed* in a position where he can *do the possible*, then it is about 99% certain that he will jump clean." The collie exiled in the kitchen started to howl. "The approach is the important part; going over the fence itself the easy part. But a rider must never, never lie to a horse." The cat had slipped back onto the table in a strategic position near the whipped cream. "He must never tell him by the position of the body, by the restraining or compelling aids, that he is going to do right when by virtue of his position he can't help but do wrong." He picked up the cat and opened the front door. "Only a really great horse can learn to ignore the rider," Billy shouted from the hall. It was still raining so he pushed the cat into the living room, "but the average horse will soon be confused and spoiled."

The dogs began to howl again and Billy raised his voice. "Things happen because of a certain series of causes in the show ring. A pole doesn't come down because of bad luck; it comes down because the horse hit it, and if he hit it it's probably because the rider couldn't make him approach the fence correctly, or because the horse knows it won't hurt him to rub against the pole. A lot of our American fences are so flimsy that the horse has no respect for them.

"Of course, many horse people are very superstitious"—the howls continued unabated. "Once I let a girl braid the same piece of straw into my horse's tail during three winning performances." The cat joined in the chorus. "Shall we," inquired Billy, "have coffee somewhere else?"

After dinner Billy, accompanied by Ruth and one of the collies, went to the studio where he and his sister live, a cottage which proved to be an adult version of a children's playhouse in the backyard. The single large room was lined from floor to ceiling with bookcases, and contained Ruth's piano, Billy's music stand, a phonograph and an assortment of comfortable chairs, most of which were already occupied by stacks of new books or periodicals. Ruth, who runs a classical disc jockey show for a Bridgeport station, departed in search of material, and Billy piled books on the table to clear the chairs.

A photograph fluttered to the floor; it was a picture of Billy at the Helsinki Olympics where, as a member of the U.S. team, he won a bronze medal.

"This picture," said Billy, tossing it back onto the table, "makes me wonder sometimes if perhaps I am too conservative, perhaps don't ask enough from a horse.

"In thinking out that course, I knew Hollandia, the horse I was riding, had very little experience with water, so I decided that the water jump would be the place where he would have a fault.

"Well, Hollandia went clean until there were just three obstacles left—the water, a big, five-foot gate and the last, an easy fence. He got one foot in the water just as I thought he would, but it happened because I had to pull up quickly in order to get the arc necessary for the vertical gate. He was clean over the gate, and then, quite by accident, he knocked a pole down on the last and easiest fence. If it hadn't been for that pole, I would have been tied for first place.

"I realize now that my decision was wrong. Since it was a chance to win a big event like the Olympics I should have made the all-out gamble, taken the chance of going clean all the way or bringing them all down. Actually, it is just as well, and I don't think I'm rationalizing because I didn't win, but I wasn't good enough *then* to deserve it."

He picked up a biography of Baron De Couhertin, founder of the modern Olympics. "I've often been criticized for not having the proper competitive spirit," he said, leafing through the book. "I don't believe in almost killing a horse to win a class when you know you have to show him in eight more events before the show is over and then go to still another show right away. The most important thing to me is not winning, although I certainly like to do that too, but knowing after you have finished a course that you have exacted the maximum performance from yourself and the horse. That you have given to the fullest all the talents you both have to give. Achieving that, it doesn't matter to me, personally that is, whether I win or lose. Come to think of it," concluded Bill Steinkraus, "I guess Baron De Coubertin would have just loved me!" **END**



MUSICAL EVENING between horse shows engrosses Steinkraus family. Parents are an appreciative audience as Billy with viola and sister Ruth at piano play Mozart duet.

Schoolbells for a Pro

Stein Eriksen, one of the world's great skiers, joins a class and learns to teach

NEXT to sending Ted Williams to a batting clinic for a little brush-up on technique, a requirement that forced one of the world's leading skiers to pass an examination proving that he could ski would seem to be one of the truly superfluous ideas in the world of sport. Yet, ridiculous or not, that is precisely what happened to Stein Eriksen, the flamboyant Norwegian who in 1954 was World Ski Champion and was called the greatest Alpine skier in the world.

But rules are rules, especially when the United States Forest Service makes them, and maybe in this case they aren't so bad. Eriksen was going to run the ski school at Aspen Highlands in Colorado this year. Since the Highlands are partly on Forest Service preserves, the Rangers have a say in what happens there, and it was their opinion that Eriksen would have to be certified as a ski instructor, just as everyone else who hoped to teach skiing in Colorado.

While in the case of Eriksen this might seem like chauvinism gone rampant, the Forest Service stand makes good sense. Just 20 years ago American skiing was an esoteric sport that boasted a few experts and not many more enthusiastic neophytes. Today there are 4 million Americans who ski, and they ski, on the average, better than the Swiss who have the advantage of tradition and natural terrain. This spectacular rise in performance can be traced directly to the quality of American ski instruction.

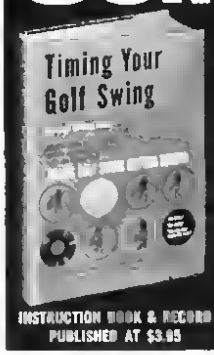
The Forest Service, of course, has had nothing to do with this. The backbone of U.S. teaching is a system based on instructor certification schools which are conducted by the regional instructors' associations (there are six) of the National Ski Association. All skiers, to qualify as

continued

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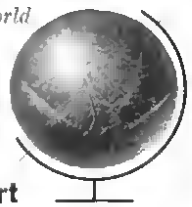
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instructors, must pass an exacting series of tests, thereby proving two things about themselves: first, that they know how to ski and second, that they are able to pass their knowledge on to those who don't.

The system has worked so well that even in the case of Eriksen the Southern Rocky Mountain Ski Association, which counts the peaks around Aspen as part of its extensive domain, was no more disposed to waiving its requirements than the Forest Service had been. Eriksen, ski medals and all, would have to appear before the Certified Instructors Association of the SRMSA and prove that he could teach up to their standards.

So last season at Arapahoe Basin Ski area in Colorado, where SRMSA exams are usually held in late spring, Eriksen went back to school. His teacher: Willy Schaeffler, who in any year is one of the region's chief examiners. Schaeffler, if he needs any introduction, is Ski Coach for Denver University. He also heads the Arapahoe Basin Ski School, is in charge of all ski race preparations at Squaw Valley for the 1960 Olympics and is the author of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's series of articles on the Austrian shortswing (Dec. 16 & 23, 1957).

At Arapahoe, Schaeffler's usual task is to examine new instructors who have been teaching on a trial basis, or, as with Eriksen, candidates who have come from other states where not all instructors are certified. Schaeffler has plenty of company in his work: George Engel, head of Winter Park ski school, Ernie Blake of Taos, New Mexico; Max Dercum of Arapahoe, and from Aspen Ski School, Co-Director Friedl Pfeifer, plus Robert Craig, Sandy Sahatini, Maurie Shepheard and practically every other top instructor in the region.

As it turned out, Eriksen took most of his examinations in Schaeffler's classes. Just to make everything beautifully clear, Schaeffler talked to Eriksen ahead of time and gave him a semiserious warning that Eriksen had better be sure of his fundamentals. "I think I got him a little worried," Schaeffler confided before the sessions began.

There is no doubt that Eriksen worked on the tests. When time for the first tests began, he mushed in line with the rest of Schaeffler's class and headed for one of the peaks just above the upper end of Arapahoe's

highest lift. Schaeffler swung along in the lead, lecturing on the surrounding mountains as he went. "Mt. Albert," he said at one point, indicating a peak in the west. "An instructor should know the country. That's part of the appreciation of skiing." On top, Schaeffler said, "Now we go down. First we ask ourselves, 'Where can we have a little fun?' "

Schaeffler's idea of fun was a lilting drop over a cornice (he tested it first to make sure it wouldn't avalanche) down a mirror-glass wall into a gully and up the opposite side. There he used his momentum to spring into the air, turning as he flew so that he came down running parallel to a boulder field that ranged across the crest like a little Stonehenge. Eriksen and the others followed. Eriksen went easily. Some of the others went a bit uneasily.

Schaeffler then set off down through a field of heavy, crusty snow called "crud" in ski parlance. He passed through it flawlessly, followed by some of the other examiners in the group. At the bottom they all whipped out score cards, and Schaeffler waved the first candidate down. Some made it standing and others did not. Eriksen came through with Examiner George Engel skiing alongside, watching closely. Something in Eriksen's style makes even a dashing skier look fairly pedestrian, especially when Eriksen breaks into free-swinging "mambo turns" to show how easy the going really is.

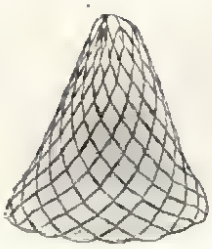
"Skiing next to Stein," said Engel afterward, mopping his brow, "makes you want to crawl around to the back side of the mountain and come down on your hands and knees."

Next on the menu was a ride down the mean little drop known as The Standard. Snow started to come in that day, and in the flat, gray light, The Standard, with its rugged bumps all the way down, was a rather cheerless-looking half-mile stretch.

The instructors skidded manfully in Schaeffler's wake, trying to show form as best they could under the conditions. Eriksen skied down almost regally indifferent to poor light and bad bumps. Some instructors looked like instructors, but there were others whose descent would have warmed the heart of every skier who has ever floundered under his teacher's mocking eye. There were some real crash-and-burn nose dives.

That was the end of the free-skiing,

continued



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or, how-well-do-you-ski?, examination. Now it was time for the how-well-can-you-teach? phase.

On succeeding days the examiners manned demonstration stations. At Station One the candidates were to show the proper way to teach walking, and at Station Two, the proper way to teach the snowplow—and so on. This phase was the one in which the certification people expected that Eriksen might have trouble.

In the first place, the matter of proper teaching method is a bit complicated these days. Each ski school has its own variation of the magic needed to bring a nonskier safely into the slippery world of snow.

THE SYSTEM'S THE THING

At Arapahoe, each instructor had to show he possessed a consistent system in which the basic steps lead logically into the advanced turns. Since Eriksen is well known as an advocate of a sort of "delayed shoulder" turning not yet practiced in the southern Rockies, it remained to be seen whether he could convince the examiners that he had a logical and orderly progression of teaching tactics. Eriksen's case was complicated by the fact that his personal style carries the reverse shoulder to a point beyond the abilities of a mere expert. The examiners were half-prepared for some serious omissions on the lower end of Stein's teaching method.

To almost everyone's surprise, Eriksen demonstrated an orthodox series of steps beginning with the snowplow and introducing the delayed shoulder only at the late stages of the teaching. All the way down the mountain Eriksen gave clear and careful explanations of each step. He also showed that he was a good teacher—that he liked an audience and could give a good show.

A small knot of recreational skiers trailed reverently behind Eriksen to admire every move he made, and the examiners had to admit that he had a clean method and could demonstrate well. If *summa cum laude* had been awarded, Eriksen would have won the degree. In fact, about the only person who was unhappy with his performance was a candidate, a girl, who had to follow through the examination stations. "What an act to have to follow," she muttered as she watched him go.

—BAYARD HOOPER



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19TH HOLE *The readers take over*

WE FINALLY MADE IT

Sirs:

I was one of the 57,557 people privileged to witness the most electrifying football game ever played in Baltimore, Maryland.

The people came, and sat, and cheered because Baltimore is a hungry city, starved for an athletic championship.

There is, indeed, a love affair in town (*Love Affair in Baltimore*, SI, Dec. 1). Actually, it is more of an adoration, a near idolatry. Marchetti, Donovan, Berry, Ameche, Unitas, Moore—oh that magnificent Lenny Moore! These names and all the rest are carefully discussed down on the waterfront, on playgrounds, in taverns, offices, clubs—everywhere. It is *the* conversation.

Seconds after the final gun signaled a 35–27 championship win over the 49ers, thousands of delirious rooters flooded the playing field to carry every Colt they could find to the locker room.

And these fans, these ecstatic, patient, hungry fans of Baltimore, not only screamed and cheered; many literally wept. For after all the years of defeat, near misses and frustration, they thought reverently, "We made it. My God, we finally made it!"

BOB GELLMAN

Baltimore

ENTERTAINMENT A.E.

Sirs:

Roy Terrell's *Best of the Toughest* (SI, Nov. 24) was the most accurate and authentic account of the Big Ten football situation written in years.

Those alumni of Iowa who remember the B.E. days—before Evashevski—appreciate the task that confronted him and, more so, appreciate the way he and his staff went about tackling the seemingly impossible task.

As for entertainment, as mentioned by Mr. Terrell, one couldn't ask for better quality than that offered by the Iowa team and the Big Ten.

RAYMOND TERFLER

Davenport, Iowa

THE THIRD LEAGUE

Sirs:

While thumbing through the pages of your Nov 24 issue I was somewhat surprised to see the familiar countenance of my father, a member of the New York Baseball Committee (*Baseball Coattails on Fire*).

You might be interested to know that Clint Blume, a former president of the Real Estate Board of New York and now head of his own company, was also a member of John McGraw's 1922 World Champion New York Giants.

The Giants won the year the picture below was taken, and I think my father's expression portends a very successful "season" for the committee, which is obviously not bluffing.

CLINTON W. BLUME JR.

Bronxville, N.Y.



THIRD LEAGUER CLINT BLUME

Sirs:

A third major league! A very lofty ideal! But this would mean an additional eight teams—which in turn means an additional 200 major league ballplayers. Where, oh where are they going to find 200 players of major league caliber, when with the current setup of 16 teams there are not enough good ballplayers to make the American League pennant race even vaguely interesting?

A better suggestion is to cut the present major leagues to six teams apiece, relegating Washington and Kansas City, Philadelphia and the Chicago Cubs to minor league status. Thus minor league ball would be strengthened, and this impetus to improve its caliber of ballplaying might eventually lead to the emergence of a third major league.

WILLIAM J. MILUSICH

Jackson Heights, N.Y.

GREAT NUMBERS NONSENSE (CONT.): IS THIS WRONG?

Sirs

I've just finished reading my old friend Stanley Frank's *The Great Numbers Nonsense* (SI, Nov. 24). You have the wrong title on Stanley's article. It should be called *Nonsensical Thinking by an Ex-Sportswriter*.

Yes, the business of statistics is overdone, but I notice that Stanley failed to say one thing which be, as a former

continued



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baseball writer for the *Post*, should know: the great game of baseball became the national pastime because somebody was smart enough to keep, and publish, statistics on hitting, fielding, pitching, etc.

Where Stanley sounds like an ex-sportswriter who obviously doesn't read the sports pages (certainly not those I read) is in what he says about us fellows. We have our brethren who take the easy way out, but not through publicity handouts, because public relations men are much smarter today than they were in Stanley's time. We do have our dull, colorless writers. But we also have more writers of wit and imagination than ever before, men such as Joe Williams, John Carmichael, Red Smith, Bill Roeder, Dick Young, Joe Reichler, the late Walter Stewart, Gene Gregston, Shirley Povich, Johnny Steadman, Lewis (Tony) Atchison, and so many others. I purposely refrain from naming *Journal-American* men, since that is the newspaper I work on.

When Stanley writes, "Few sportswriters had bothered to probe the whys and wherefores of the young man [Herb Elliott, of Australia] who broke four minutes in 10 mile races between January and September," I must concede that things are different today than they were in his day. Then, I guess, every newspaper would have spent the heavy sums involved in sending their men halfway around the world to get the Elliott feature. I suppose, in the same way, few sportswriters are bothering to probe the whys and wherefores of the young man (Jimmy Brown) who is breaking all National Football League records. Or are we hitting the very tender subject of numbers?

I resent, on behalf of my present brethren and myself, Stanley's statement that "the blunt truth is that my former colleagues are merely going through the motions of working and are shortchanging the fans by fobbing off publicity handouts as arresting news."

If my brethren and I who cover pro football are only "going through the motions of working," what were we doing getting up early to reach the Giants' dressing room in time to sit in on the late Jack Lavelle's report on the next team to be met? Why did we then have another meeting with Jack at which we asked him all the questions about the opposing team, with diagrams? Neither Frank nor I knew nearly as much football 20 years ago as my brethren and I know today.

DAVE EISENBERG

Brooklyn

Sirs:

I am a sports editor on a small daily newspaper called the *Woodland Democrat*. We have produced some nationally known athletes, and part of their rise to fame was because of statistics—and not meaningless statistics.

Mr. Frank speaks of meaningless statistics. I would like to ask him if this is one: Jack Yerman ran two two-turn 440-yard dashes in 46.6 as a sophomore last year, and I printed a story stating he thus became the fastest teen-age (he's 19) two-turn quarter-miler in world history.

My opinion is that any time a local

atblete can be named the world's best at anything, he should be. This can't be too much to ask of a typewriter

Is this a meaningless statistic? A few months ago Jack Mauger of Sacramento Junior College spoke here after watching the U.S.-Russian meet. A track coach, Mauger was known as the best left-handed pole-vaulter of bis time and held tbe world's record in this capacity.

Announcing that he would speak here, I included Mauger's title as the onetime world's finest southpaw pole-vaulter. Is this wrong?

Here's another instance. While in the Army I served with former NCAA pole vault co-champion Dick Coleman of Illinois.

I told him he held the record for the highest vault by a left-handed Negro pole-vaulter, as he had reached 14 feet 7 inches. He got a kick out of it. Is this wrong? A meaningless statistic?

Here's another one for Mr Frank We had a sophomore high hurdler at Woodland High School by the name of Manuel Contreras, wbo ran 14.6 as a sophomore. Thanks to Dick Bank of the *Track & Field News*, I found out this was only one-tenth of a second off the national sophomore record set by John Smith of Maine High School in Des Plaines, Ill. Thus our athlete, Contreras, is the second-greatest high school sophomore high hurdler in prep history.

Is it wrong to make such a claim via statistics?

Among my duties is to write pregame stories to draw fans to football and basketball games With the aid of offensive and defensive statistics, the job is made easier.

It's more enjoyable to say and to read tbat "Joe Doaks, a 6-foot-1, 205-pound junior fullback, comes into the grid game with 800 yards gained rushing, 230 passing and nine touchdowns" than "Joe Doaks will start at fullback." Statistics help to describe—if nothing else.

I agree that selecting All-America linemen is impossible Any player can be named All-America if his press agent sends out a picture with feature material that can be used by all newspapers a week before the picks are made.

I believe statistics make a season more interesting, but I also agree with Mr. Frank that some records are pretty far-fetched.

DON BLOOM

Woodland, Calif.

Sirs:

I have been claiming for years that statistics have ruined baseball. With the Red Sox, at least, statistics long ago took precedence over victory. We have Grove and Foxx and Cronin in the Hall and Williams headed there. But we never have a pennant winner.

There was a great hullabaloo about Williams not getting the MVP award in 1957, but he actually was a detriment to tbe club He never tried to throw a man out at home and didn't cover enough ground to hide an elephant's shadow. All tbe Sox players go for records today.

Statistics have ruined the game.

HERB FINNEGAN

Boston Record-American

Boston

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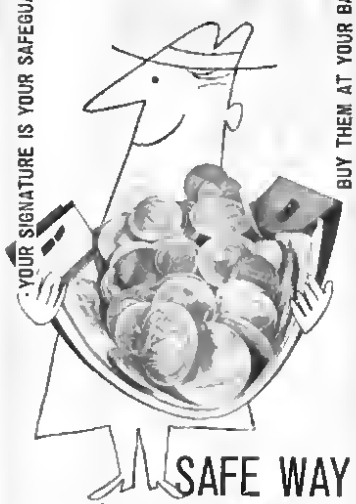
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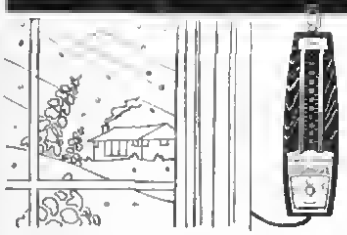
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COURTNEY H. HODGES

'I didn't kill him'

In San Antonio, a star-studded haven for retired Army brass, lives a quiet, wise man to whom the nation will always owe a debt of profound gratitude. As commander of the First Army during World War II, General Hodges led his men in the first landings on the Normandy beaches and on to the liberation of Paris; his First Army was the first to break into Germany, the first to cross the Rhine. Now 71, retired, and a most active hunter, the general, as is only right, bagged this whitetail buck on the first day of the Texas season.

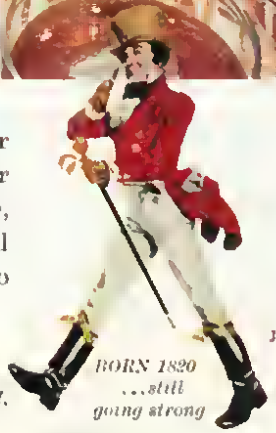
War correspondents called the First Army the greatest aggressive instrument devised by man, but General Hodges, though closely associated through service and friendship with such excitement-stirrers as Generals Eisenhower, Patton and Montgomery, artfully escaped the limelight. Throughout the entire war he gave only one press conference. Since his retirement General Hodges has avoided both publishers and politicians to live modestly with his wife and guns. On a ranch near his home where the grass grows tall and turkey and deer are plentiful, General Hodges shot his buck. "I didn't kill him," he explained afterward, "he committed suicide—came within 50 yards of me," a fitting if unintended epitaph for the General's wartime opponents.



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